This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600093039U

CENTZONTLI.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

MARIA ATHERTON.

LONDON:
HODDER & STOUGHTON,
27 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1872.

280. n. 434.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

PREFACE.

IN bringing these Poems before the public, I may be permitted, perhaps expected, to make a few remarks about them, and I do this not for the purpose of deprecating criticism, or propitiating an unwilling auditory; this little venture, like every craft launched on the sea of current literature, must be exposed to adverse tides and hostile winds; we see the gaily-painted barks crowding out with floating streamers on the wind, but no pilot can point us out those which will reach the appointed haven, or those which will soon be whelmed in the abyss. My simple purpose is to make a few remarks about the work before me;—but I should scarcely use the word "*work*," as applied to poetry. It is no *labour* for the breeze to murmur, for the zephyr to sigh; it is no *work* for the lark to sing as she soars; for the mountain brook to prattle, as the sparkling waters ripple on, and rush into the expanded lake. No; there is no *work* in *poetry*, and

when it becomes labour, then it seems to me that it loses its distinctive character and name, and becomes laborious rhythm or measured prose—very good, very true, very harmonious, it may be; but, Has not the subtle essence of poesy been distilled therefrom, just as perfumes are exhaled from flowers long gathered and closely set in pattern groups? Some of these lines were written in early youth, and occasionally appeared in periodicals, whilst many others of the same date and period perished. Upon looking them over, I was reminded of the wanderer who revisits the haunts of his youth; he is startled and moved by many tokens around him; he sees the letters which he has carved on the rustic porch, the tree which his own hands have planted in the woodland bower; he enters the once familiar home, and the household things around have strange power over his memory and affections; he takes up the shell in which he used of old to hear the mimic murmurs of the tide—the same undulations are in his ear; he leans over the vase, in which the same perfume still lingers, and he begins to feel the stirrings of that other younger self, from which he has so long parted company. It was with some such feelings I turned over these surviving poems of life's early dawn, and as tenacity is a remarkable proof of life, I have placed them just as they were in my little volume, to sink or swim therewith. With respect to the longer poems, they have all been

written rapidly. There has been no revision or elaboration. My choice of *metre* has often been ruled by its facility, rather than by its æsthetic effect. This inattention to the structure of modern idylls and quick-paced hexameters has been owing to circumstances over which I have had no control. From day to week, from week to month, from month to year, my whole life has been engaged in the employment of teaching. I say nothing of the work of education *in toto, and that is "a work,"* but I may observe that the duties of a school teacher are eminently unimaginative and anti-poetical. The charms of novelty may scatter flowers around the scholar's way, while the teacher's eye is uplifted to a barren cloudland. There may be a vein of silver at his feet, but he must not delve the earth for that; there may be lovely prospects on each side, but he cannot diverge or turn to the right hand or the left; a brilliant idea may flash into his mind, as if wafted there by some unseen winged spirit, but he may not take possession of the fallen treasure; he must tread on in the oft-repeated and circumscribed round, and all the flashing rays of poetry, like coruscations in the midnight sky, must die away in darkness, unnoticed and uncared for. Another disadvantageous circumstance has been that, living in a secluded country town, my only library of reference has been the pages of a memory well stored in early days, but it may be somewhat imperfect

and incorrect. In the poem entitled "Centzontli," or Mocking-Bird, I have essayed to imitate the peculiar style of several departed bards. I did think that I had been successful, but begin now to have some misgivings; perhaps the critic may say there is one and the same monotone throughout, whereas I had been aiming at a full diapason. "De Clifford," and the other two longer pieces, are also, I am aware, written very hastily, and without elaboration of detail; no doubt they are cursory and inartistic; I don't know whether I *could* have given them a finer polish, but I have not attempted the task. There are some persons who prefer the native grace of a handful of delicate wild flowers, carelessly placed in a vase, to the artificial arrangement of a set circle of splendidly-coloured conservatory exotics; and, to the hands of all who are willing to receive, I would respectfully present my small collection of Poems, as a coronal of wild flowers gathered in the field and unenclosed forest lands, hoping that their native and spontaneous growth may atone for want of classic halo and artistic skill.

M. A.

TARPORLEY, CHESHIRE,
9th April 1872.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CENTZONTLI; OR, THE MOCKING-BIRD,	1
CARMINA NUPTIALE,	35
AN AUSTRALASIAN BRIDAL,	38
LINES ON THE YEAR 1871,	70
LINES ON THE NEW YEAR 1872,	73
THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY,	75
THREE SONNETS—	
CAIN,	77
SOLOMON,	78
JONATHAN,	79
THE DYING GIRL'S SONG,	80
CHESTER REVISITED,	84
THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM,	87
THE FATHERLAND,	89

PAGE

THE SWITZER'S SONG, ... 92

THE SEVEN SISTERS, ... 95

THE DEAD, ... 115

THE MILLENNIUM, ... 117

DE CLIFFORD, ... 120

THE REFORMATION STAR, ... 151

PROTESTANT AND FREE, ... 152

BABYLON, ... 154

REBECCA TO LADY ROWENA, ... 164

LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING AN ANCIENT RUIN, . 168

INDIA, ... 170

HYMNS, ... 175

TO THE HAREBELL, ... 179

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG SISTER, . . 182

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MISSIONARY, ... 185

ON FRIENDSHIP, ... 187

THE PASTOR'S WORK AND REWARD, ... 189

*CENTZONTLI.**

WANDERING 'mid early summer's bloom
Through a sweet garden of perfume,
Where little sprigs of mignonette
Were shaking off their dewdrops wet,
And lifting up their drooping heads,
Shedding their sweetest fragrance round:

I do remember well that scene,
Of shady walks and alleys green;
The little chequered beds of flowers,
The quaintly clipped fantastic bowers;
The apple-blossom's leaflets shed,
In pink and white upon the ground;

* American Mocking-bird.

The wall-flowers and the creepers tall
Climbing across the dark old wall;
And the long avenues so gay
With the laburnum's yellow spray,
Tossed here and there amid the screen,
Like fairies dancing on a green.

Wandering 'mid early summer's bloom
Through that sweet garden of perfume,
Where stately tulips sought in vain
The charm of lowlier flowers to gain,
And stole from every bud a hue,
In hope to catch its sweetness too;
Where roses blushed, and lilies waved,
And rich anemones grew wild;
Daisies, which had the winter braved,
And many a sweet carnation smiled.

I *do* remember well that scene:
Beyond the hawthorn hedge was seen
A lovely landscape stretching round
To the horizon's distant bound;
Eastwards there lay a valley still,
Where cattle browsed in calm repose;

A winding stream, a steep-browed hill,
Which like a beacon-top arose.
Beyond the western meadows stood
A forest land of waving wood;
And where the trees were few and spare,
An ancient ruin mouldered there:
You just might see one turret rise,
And gleam 'neath sunset's crimson skies.
Of distant spires, three lay beneath
The old white windmill on the heath;
And, sheltered by the dark hillside,
The town lay stretched in all its pride.

Resting, 'mid twilight's deepening gloom,
In that sweet garden of perfume,
I do remember well the hour,
For, seated in a rustic bower,
A little bird began to sing—
I never heard so sweet a thing.
They told me that the nightingale
Poured forth a sad and piteous tale;
To me his song seemed blithe and clear,
As mirth herself might wish to hear;
No shade of sadness in its tone,
Save that 'twas warbled in the wood,

At evening's solemn hour, alone,
Amidst the darkening solitude.

Listening the songster of the bower,
One sat with me that twilight hour;
A friend of young but thoughtful brow—
Where is his spirit dwelling now?
For in the form on earth he bore
We never shall behold him more.
In a wide swamp of marshy clay
They 've buried him, far, far away,
Where yellow pestilence doth wave
Her flag o'er that low sepulchre,
To mark the spot, "the white man's grave,"
Where lies the youthful traveller.

I well recall the scene, the hour,
The converse in that rustic bower;
For he, that youthful friend, could tell
The scenes of other lands full well.
And now his fancy wandered back
On memory's visionary track,
From that fresh garden's transient bloom,
Its fragile flowers of sweet perfume,

To where a matchless valley lay,
Lit by no transitory ray,
And beaming with all-radiant glow,
'Midst a wild wood in Mexico.

He told me how he lost his guide
Upon a fiery mountain's side,
And wandered many a rugged mile,
Till suddenly, as breaks a smile
Upon the mourner's cheek of woe,
He spied that lovely vale below.
If Nature's hand had formed that scene,
It was a spot worthy its queen;
If Art had laboured to excel,
Here she had followed Nature well.

Wide-spreading cedars grew on high,
And tossed their branches in the sky;
Banana and cacao trees
Mingled their blossoms in the breeze:
Amidst the vale a fountain rose,
As from the bosom of repose,
Where thousand flow'rets pressed them near,
Its sparkling murmurings to hear.

There the rich tiger-flower shone bright ;
The cactus, with its bloom of light,
In pure and lustrous beauty sate,
Like virgin queen in robes of state ;
The aloe's golden blossoms there
Were mingled with magnolias rare ;
And every dark-leaved shrub among
A pendant scarlet wreath was hung,
Or twined in smothering caress,
Starred clusters of convolvulus.

Amidst the flowers of gorgeous hue
Birds of all radiant colours flew ;
Some small as English butterflies,
Humming beneath the purple skies :
The scarlet and the blue macaw,
The ocotzimtzcan there he saw,
Where crimson, green, and yellow vie
To paint his plumes the deepest dye ;
The little bright green parroquet,
White lories with their eyes of jet,
And countless birds whose plumes so bright
Seemed plucked from out the rainbow's light,
Yet filled at intervals the skies,
With dissonant and uncouth cries ;

And still more harsh and wild their screams,
Contrasted with their beauty's beams.

But now, the sunbeams 'gan to pale,
And all grew silent in that vale;
Then sank the sun—no guide was near,
The wanderer's heart grew chill with fear,
Till, glancing upwards, one bright star
Shone brightly on him from afar.
Then thought he of the "Hand" which held
The starry lamp he now beheld,
And poised it on its giddy height,
Whence thus it shone serenely bright;
And surely that same "Hand" would guide,
The soul His Spirit had supplied.
The Parsee might forsake his fire,
And watch its sacred brands expire;
Sun, moon, and stars might all decay—
The soul was an eternal ray,
Revolving in its shining course
With steady undiminished force,
And smile of bright security,
Around the Sun of Deity.

Exulting in the conscious glow
Which Faith and Hope could thus bestow,
The lonely wanderer bowed in prayer,
  Then sought some glen or covert nigh,
Wherein a shelter to prepare
  Till morn came up the eastern sky.
'Twas then thy magic strain he heard,
Centzontli—little mocking-bird!
Now screaming with the kite's shrill cry,
Now moaning with the ring-dove's sigh:
A thousand voices seemed to wake,
O'er rock, o'er shrub, o'er tangled brake;
And thousand tones in quick reply
Reverberated through the sky;
But 'midst the songs which filled the grove,
Floating beneath, around, above,
One songster only met the view—
A little bird of ashen hue;
And as he thus rehearsed each lay
He 'd listened to the livelong day,
His fluttering wings would fall and rise,
Accordant to the symphonies—
Now flapping with a sudden sound,
Now wavering slowly, slowly round;

Till, when the cadence died away,
And motionless the songster lay,
As on the bosom of the air,
His breathless form were pictured there.

The stars may still all brightly glow
On that lone wood in Mexico;
The mocking-bird, with mimic lays,
Prolong the forest roundelays,
And imitate, in varied tone,
The vulture's cry, the dove's soft moan;
But he who watched that night afar,
Beneath the shining western star,
Shall gaze no more on field or flowers,
Till earth be heaven, or heaven be ours.

'Tis strange what slender links will chain
The subtle thoughts of human brain.
Mind hath its mysteries, and one
  Is by what law our thoughts arise;
A look, a tone, a scent hath gone
  To waken hidden sympathies,
Touching at times the secret springs,
Which waken up a thousand strings.

And never since, in wood or vale,
I've listened to the nightingale,
But I recall the day, the hour,
The mignonette, the summer-bower,
The wanderer o'er the ocean wave,
The sleeper in the foreign grave;
Whilst these recall, as in a dream,
Another, and a poet's theme.

How once young Fancy, elfin sprite,
With eyes of April's changeful light,
Did rove with me at even-tide,
And, catching up Centzontli's vein,
To mimic many a bard he tried,
And wake an imitative strain.
The place to which he led me lay
Hemmed in with rocks on every side;
With catacombs and tombstones grey,
That rocky region well supplied.
There Death and Fame together strove
Which should the final conqueror prove:
But just beyond the rocky height,
Far other prospect met the sight;
For Life, with all its busy throng,

There rolled its heaving waves along,
And sounds of mingled peace and strife
Came swelling up the tide of life.

There was a city, wide and great—
Armed warriors marching through its gate;
There, distant villas lay like flowers
Scattered amidst their parks and bowers;
And round the cottager's retreats
Children were playing in the streets,
Or climbing up the primrose hill,
With merry voices loud and shrill.

There, too, a mighty river rolled
Its countless store of wealth untold;
From floating barks of humble size,
To ships of stately merchandise;
From merchantmen, freighted afar,
To the majestic ship of war,
Where waves above the rocking shrouds,
A nation's pennant in the clouds,
And floats across the waters free,
A battle host's artillery.

There, too, beside the rolling flood,

Where the revolving beacon stood,
A castle-yard o'erlooked the town,
Armed sentinels paced up and down ;
Whilst far beneath, the valley there
Lay still as a sealed sepulchre,
Where never foot profane might tread
Amid the mansions of the dead.

Musing on the secluded scene,
And what its solitude might mean,
I marked on every swelling mound
A blooming wreath of laurels bound,
And every cypress branch among,
A golden lyre suspended hung ;
And now I saw 'twas Poesy
Herself had hewn that cemet'ry,
Had moulded every sculptured tomb,
And watered every bed of bloom ;
And every urn had filled with tears,
Sitting amid the fall of years ;
And as they dropped beneath her feet,
Rifling decaying odours sweet,
To twine in effigy a wreath
Upon some mouldering head beneath,

Around whose living brows she prest
A thorny crown, a serpent's crest.

Oft have I heard that wayward sprite,
Genius, with eyes of dancing light,
Does oft, repentant, when too late,
Bemoan her hapless children's fate;
And when she took no pains to save,
From fortune's frown—an early grave—
Does still build up in sorrowing mood,
Within their much-loved solitude,
The pillared urn, the marble fair,
The mausoleum proud and rare,
In honour of her lost ones there.

The valley lay so still in death,
You almost *heard* decay's cold breath,
Creeping unheeded o'er the plain,
Since every flower sprang up again;
Each bud of beauty smiling still,
In mockery of the spoiler's will.
The only sound which startled there
The stillness of the sepulchre,
Was when the trumpet's blast was blown
Beyond the castle garrison,

And the low-caverned vaults replied,
With hollow voices echoing wide,
Leaping from rock to rock around,
Reminding of that solemn sound,
When the Archangel's blast shall blow,
Startling earth's myriad vaults below,
And the deep echoes of reply
Shall be "the resurrection cry."

I sat upon the rocky brow,
And saw the poet's graves below
(For all impervious the way),
In clear but miniature survey;
When, lo! upon the midmost mound,
A living child sat smiling there:
Whence had he come, or how, or where,
Gained access to that sepulchre?
Ah! 'twas my elfish guide, I found;
He seemed just fallen in the waste,
As a new thought springs in the breast,
With sudden bound and swelling brow,
Startling the soul ye know not how.

But there the little urchin sate,
Shaking his tresses floating wild,

In golden circlets bound of late,
But now half covering the child:
And pattering through the leafy way,
He dashed the dewdrops from the spray,
And bent each bough, with blossoms hung,
To pry its clustered leaves among;
Then, bolder grown, he touched the wires,
And drew his fingers o'er the lyres
Which hung in mute suspension there,
Save touched by spirits of the air:
Æolian harp, or cithern old,
Or lute or lyre of modern mould—
Of each, of all, he made essay,
Though but in deprecating way;
Smiling so often, when in vain
He tried to recollect the strain,
That in amanuensis mood,
I noted thus each whispered word.
And first, he reached a lyre which hung
In perfect diapason strung,
Beneath a tree whose golden fruit
Was surely sprung from heavenly root.
'Twas his, that mighty bard's, whose lay
Was fraught with such rich melody,

As half to tempt the angel train
T' unbar heaven's gate and list the strain,
Deeming "Lost Paradise" restored again.

Above the master poet's tomb
The trees o'erhung in minster gloom,
And in the background seemed to rise,
In Gothic arch, and pillared aisle,
And windows stained of radiant dyes,
And scutcheoned walls,—a mighty pile,
Shadowing the place of sepulture—
Picture of noble Westminster.
And thus he struck the lyre :—

SONNET.

MILTON! when first thy spirit gazed around,
And smiled in consciousness of giant might,
Thou didst perceive, round orb of earthly light,
A canopy of outward darkness bound:
So when thou hadst drank in with draught profound,
All mundane loveliness of form or sight,
Inwards thy rapt thoughts turned, till there they found
An ample universe wherein t' alight,

And rove unshackled through the boundless space;
Dazzled with splendour of imaginings,
Thine eyes grew blinded to all duller things;
And blinder mortals in thy works can trace,
The illustrious Archetype of thee—in one—
An angel thou didst see stand 'mid the sun.

Then with a quick and sudden bound,
The child sprang to a distant mound,
And touched a lyre of German sound:—

STANZAS.

ART thou the home of my youth? Blest home!
Bright with the visions of childhood's years,
Where once my footsteps loved to roam,
Ere the bright landscape vanished in my tears:
To thee, to thee, again I come;
I greet thee, O my childhood's home!

Are yon the mountains—the mountains high,
Robed in the mists of memory's dreams?
Alas, now your summits unfold to my eye,
Nought but a barren waste there seems;
Ye are floating like vapours on my view,
I know you—I know you, ye mountains blue!

53

Are those the forests—the forests green,
Filled with the spectres of wild untruth?
Often in dreams the Hartz giant I have seen,
Ranging your glades, ye haunts of my youth:
I hearken—I hearken—the chill winds sigh,
And wave your dark branches across the sky.

Are ye the friends—the friends of my youth?
Your golden locks are silvered with grey;
I know not—I know not;—your brows, in sooth,
Are chilled with a touch more withering than they:
The friendships of youth—alas! they are o'er;
I *feel*—I *feel* ye are friends *no more.*

But thou *art* the "land," still the land I love—
My native country, my pride, my trust!
The bright cradle star of memory above
The bones of my kindred wrapt in thy dust:
Unchanged—unchanged, beloved strand;
I greet thee, oh, my "Fatherland."

There was a simple marble stone
Of purest white; it stood alone.
And now the little wandering child
Bent o'er that early grave and smiled;

Then, reaching down a lyre entwined
With rosemary, some memories kind
Called forth the bright-gemmed tears awhile,
To rest but transient as the smile;
For soon he dashed the tears away,
And softly sung this simple lay:—

TO THE MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

Henry! upon thy grave I bend,
As stoops a well-belovèd friend,
And trace thy name, all pure and bright,
Engraven on the marble white;
But though thou 'rt mouldering in gloom,
I grieve not o'er thy early tomb,
For well I know to thee is given
A seat of shining bliss in heaven.

Henry! around thy tomb there grows
The scented briar, the pale primrose,
And "rosemary" thy brows to press,
Wet with the dews of tenderness.
How can I mourn, when all is bright,
That thou art absent from the sight?

Though ties of earthly bonds be riven,
Thy life is with thy God in heaven.

Musing on what thou *wert* below,
A shade of sadness crossed my brow ;
Alas ! for offerings fair as thine,
Faded so soon from earthly shrine.
But dreaming what thou *art*, afar,
I see thine own bright guiding star ;
And feel that now—redeemed—forgiven—
Thou 'rt shining like that star in heaven.

The sunbeams dance, the shadows wave
O'er Henry, sleeping in the grave ;
But if the tear should dim the eye,
'Twould be of sympathy and joy.
For age soon shrouds in chilling gloom,
The spirit blush of early bloom ;
And ere with Time's rude hand thou'dst striven,
I see thee planted safe in heaven.

Soon from that modest stone with start,
The wayward child did swiftly dart,
Beneath a cloistered shade bend down
Upon a tomb of high renown,

Where slept the "Wizard of the North."
His silent harp he thus drew forth :—

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR W. SCOTT.

SIGH not, shed no woman's tear,
Above the noble minstrel's bier,
To dim the laurels which surround
The brow, by princely genius crowned.
His long and brilliant race is run,
He sets in splendour like the sun,
Which fades from our forsaken eyes,
To rise again in other skies.
Yet mourn—"we live in evil days"—
Mourn for the bard's departed lays ;
From henceforth, and for evermore,
"Harp of the North!" thy strains are o'er.
Thy crowning flowers are seared and dead,
Thy strings unloosed, thy music fled ;
No more to "lords and ladies gay,"
The "latest minstrel" wakes his lay ;
No more his "huntsman" winds the horn,
Its echoes o'er Loch Katrine borne ;
No mounted knights rush o'er the plain,
Nor "Marmion" dashes 'mid the slain ;

Th' enchanter of a thousand spells,
In darkness and in silence dwells.
Who may his harp responsive ring,
Or wake the wild romantic string?
Who charge the Border chivalry,
Or rouse them with the battle-cry?
No; comets from their distant home
But once in many years may come,
And meteor spirits bright appear
But seldom in our lower sphere.
Then let the Scottish minstrel's tomb
Be bright, with an *unfading* bloom.

Next, with a start, the boy pulled down
A lyre, whence hung a lordly crown—
A coronet of earthly pride;
How came it in that spot to hide?
Gently the chords he strove to sound,
Back they recoiled with harsh rebound;
He drew his fingers from the strings,
As though entwined with serpent stings.
But waking soon another strain,
I saw the urchin smile again,
As with a poet's fire he flung
His hands across the wires and sung:—

FAME.

No breath of air the grass to wave,
That springs o'er Byron's lonely grave ;
No tender tear to dew the sod,
So oft by pilgrim footsteps trod ;
Who pause, and praise, and much admire,
But none may *bless* the minstrel's lyre.

And is this Fame ? is this the gem
Prized as a monarch's diadem ?
Was it for this the "Lover" sighed,
And, self-exiled, the "Wanderer" died ?
For this the poet scathed his wire
In Passion's lava stream of fire ?

Better the muse should still prevail
To walk through Poverty's low vale,
Than pace the halls of ancient state
With scorn that maketh desolate ;
Or mount above in car of light,
To draw down lightning blasts to blight.

Better a wilderness ! a cave !
"A rock amid the Atlantic wave !"

A grave on "Chillon's" dungeon-floor,
Or 'mid the eternal billows roar!
Than own such monument as Fame
Doth rear to her own Byron's name.

Yes; he has sought and found renown,
Has gained his meed—the laurel crown;
Behold! the wreath of blighted bays
Entwined with flowers of scentless rays;
Yet know—thyself the venom poured,
Else were its beauty still adored.

Thyself, O poet! dashed the gall
In vials full across thy pall;
'Twas thine own hand. Away! away!
Chide not the phantom of decay;
Nor seek the chambers of the dead,
Save odours o'er their graves to shed.

The next, a mountain lyre I heard,
Amid the blooming heather stirred,
Around a grave surcharged with dew,
Where thistles, Scotia's emblem, grew,

Mingled with flowers more rich and rare
Than crowned the bonny banks of Ayr:
The wandering minstrel brightly smiled,
As he were born a mountain child.
He could not catch the accents hard,
Or measures sweet of Scotia's bard,
But on a heathery bank he lay,
And sang an imitative lay:—

ODE TO BRITAIN.

BRITAIN'S land! 'mid ocean's breast,
Like seabird floated to the west,
Brooding o'er her rocky nest;
To thee we wake the strain.

Britain's emblem! see it grows
In ruddy streaks at daylight's close,
Lingering softly on the rose,
Our sweetest English flower.

British heroes! ye have bled,
On battle-field, in ocean bed—
Wherever Wolfe or Nelson led
The flag of victory.

Britain's bards! your names are known
Where'er the blast of Fame is blown;
We carve your monumental stone
In Westminster's broad pile.

Britain's maidens pure and fair!
As shining snowy flakes 'mid air,
Or pearls concealed in caverns rare,
Unbreathed on by the sky.

"Britain's children of the soil!"
Nursed on the hardy lap of toil,
A noble nation's treasured spoil—
Like beds of undelved ore.

Britain's soldiers! ye who stand
The sentinels to guard our land,
Or cross the seas at war's command,
To glory, or the grave.

Britain's mariners! whose prow
Furrows ocean's giant brow,
Winds of freedom round ye blow,
As ye plough the waves.

Britain's Queen! all hail to thee!
Crowned beyond the Western Sea,
Based thy throne on liberty—
Island Queen, all hail.

Britain's God! "the isles are Thine!"
We see Thy glorious sceptre shine;
Britannia owns the Hand Divine—
'Tis God that rules her waves.

Amidst the valley did I mark
One spot o'erhung with foliage dark:
Beneath its shadows lay concealed
The sweetest flowerets of the field;
And many a bud of golden hue
Beneath an ancient cypress grew;
Bright jewels, too, begemmed the ground,
And sparkling treasures oft were found;
But straggling boughs and leaves were piled
Across the pathway lone and wild.
The sun scarce glimmered through those trees,
The unpruned growth of centuries.
There oft the monumental stone,
With weeds and moss lay overgrown,
And not a letter might you trace,

Upon the time-worn burial-place.
There broken urns were strewed around,
And statues crumbled on the ground,
With whitening bones bleached in the air;
All spoke a time-worn sepulchre.
No marvel that the wayward child,
At once capricious, timid, wild,
Should start away with sudden fright,
As though he feared some spectral sight;
Or else he did not dare to tread,
The "dust of ages" round his head:
Enough, he would not wake the lays
Stirred by the breath of ancient days,
So fled, like truant boy, away
O'er hillock green and tombstone grey,
To where an Indian palm did wave
Its shadow o'er a blooming grave,
Beside whose sunny mound he lay,
And sang to Heber's memory:—

A VOICE came o'er the ocean
From India's spicy strand,
'Twas wafted by devotion,
O'er mountain, sea, and land;

It told how morn was breaking
From the long night of years,
How Love and Truth were waking
From ignorance and tears.

A voice came o'er the waters,
With summer's genial ray,
From where swart India's daughters
By the blue Ganges stray;
It told of idols burning,
Of heathen rites o'ercast,
Of man to God returning—
The hour of darkness past.

What though, 'mid India's fountains,
The minstrel's lay was sung;
'Twas heard o'er England's mountains,
Her flowery vales among;
It comes with honeyed sweetness,
Like perfumes on the gale;
It flies with thought's winged fleetness,
O'er river, rock, and dale.

But, hark! from the Carnatic
There is a sound of wail,

Across the Adriatic
It floats upon the gale;
Mourn, mourn the woful story,
The minstrel's broken lyre;
Sing, sing, ye saints in glory,
For Heber joins your choir.

Then suddenly the bright-haired child
Plucked up a garland, springing wild
Upon a grave all fair and bright,
As if the parting spirit's light
Still lingered there with farewell smile;
The flower-crowned lyre was struck erewhile,
And yet vibrated with the sound,
And perfumed still the wreath around.
These fragile strings, "Oh lightly press,
Tuned to affection's tenderness;"
"Yea," said the sprite, "I learnt a strain,
In the same atmosphere of pain":—

THE BRIDAL MORN.

YE have come—ye have come, with your blooming flowers,
And virgin wreaths of early May;

Ye are come—to deck the festal bowers,
And to twine the garland leaves to-day;
Ye are come—ye are come, with joy elate;
Gentle and kind ones, ye come too late.

Ye have come—ye have come, in the blush of dawn,
Clad in your bridal white array;
Ye have twined in your braided hair at morn
The orange-blossom's shining spray;
The bloom is bright on maid and flower,
But, gentle friends, 'tis not the hour!

Ye have come—ye have come on your joyous way,
To dance in the bridal feast to-night,
To blend your sweet voices in choral lay,
To strew the bride's footsteps with blossoms of light;
Ye are welcome, friends, with your smiling train,
But, alas! ye are come—ye are come in vain!

Ye are come—ye are come, my friends, *too late*,
For the funeral vault is opened wide;
The plumed hearse waits before the gate,
And the mourners have decked the bride
In her satin robes of pearly sheen
For shroud, with the nightshade's buds between.

With tearless eye one mourner stands,
But thick and heavy comes his breath ;
That plain gold ring from his drooping hand,
He hath let it fall on the couch of death :
Hark ! a sound ye hear, 'tis no bridal bell,
But the long, dull strokes of the fair maid's knell.

Another stone lay near the gate,
Where slept the bard of Sheffield late,
But now removed to higher sphere ;
A little while I lingered near,
Whilst promised me "the sprite" to wake
But one more strain for memory's sake :—

TO THE MEMORY OF J. MONTGOMERY.

CHRISTIAN and poet, o'er thine honoured head
The grave has closed, and low beneath the dust
Thy mortal tabernacle now is laid,
Waiting the resurrection of the just.

We mourn thee not, for Faith, with steadfast gaze,
Stands pointing from thy cold sepulchral sod,

Upwards and onwards through earth's 'wildering maze,
To Him, "thy Father, and our Father,"—God.

Poet! we mourn thee not; thou wert on earth
A visitant of other clime and race;
And Poesy, for sons of mortal birth,
Provides a rude and lonely dwelling-place.

All solitary 'mid the rushing throng,
Few hearts to echo the responsive strain;
'Tis ever thus—the poet's sweetest song
Is learnt in bitterness, and springs from pain.

Christian! we mourn not thee; thy winter's past,
Hoar hairs and weariness are thine no more;
Thy youth renewed, Heaven's sunshine round thee cast,
Thine harp divinely strung for evermore.

Thou art uniting with th' immortal choir,
Who sing the wondrous song without an end;
Where every heart is filled with hallowed fire,
And near the throne of love all spirits blend.

Poet! we thank thee for thy lays begun
In sorrow, ending in affections pure;

Christian! we bless thee, for thy race well run,
The witness left behind, the record sure—
That Prayer is still the Christian's watchword given,
To pass the vale of death, and enter heaven.

The strain was hushed, the valley still,
A mist was creeping o'er the hill;
The wandering boy whose lays I heard,
Reminding of the mocking-bird,
Now laughed aloud in elfin play,
And gathering up the leaves which lay
All seared and withered on the ground,
He shook them with a crushing sound,
And flung them rustling round my feet,
Mixed with decaying odours sweet;
Then came, and nestling on my breast,
In quiet slumbers sunk to rest.

CARMEN NUPTIALE.

THE Spring again is with us on the earth;
She lightly steps, with golden key once more
Goes forth t' unlock each subterranean door,
Fastened and sealed by Winter's icy breath.

Stern Winter's dead; we "*Requiescat*" say,
And hasten forth to meet the coming guest,
Who brings sweet token flowers upon her breast,
And points to where the snow-drifts lately lay,

Where now the snowdrops wave their bending heads,
And primroses in paly sweetness gleam,
And gowans spring beside the mountain stream,
And many a blossom sweetest fragrance sheds.

Come, let us wander forth, and seek in part
A wreath of wild-flowers bathed in Scotia's dew,
For her—Princess Louisé, fair and true,
Who gives her hand but where she gives her heart.

Sprung from high chieftain-clan in days of yore,
No prouder title still his followers trace
In sovereign princes of proud Albion's race
Than that of Argyll's son—Macallum More.

For her, the Princess of our royal line,
We cull our own imperial English flower,
Nor seek exotics from a foreign bower,
But with our "roses" Scotland's "thistles" twine;

Then lay our simple wreath an offering down,
Most meet for her, who, with a free-born grace,
Weds not for golden store, for pride, or place,
But prizes Love beyond a monarch's crown.

Yet is that Argyll race most nobly crowned,
Since one was honoured to lay down his head,
And die the martyr's death: his blood was shed
By Popish hands on Reformation's ground.

And still the foe is out; yet rest awhile,
For martyr-blood was never shed in vain,
And something 'tis to know, there yet remain
In England's Queen and Peers, hearts without guile,

And hands of innocence, which now unite
In bonds of truth and of affection pure.
What though th' unrighteous priestcraft ban! be sure
That blessings softly fall from realms of light.

Methought I heard some unseen wings descend,
Floating above where bent the youthful pair
In marriage vow of late, whilst on the air
Sweet mystic strains were softly heard to blend,

Tones of strange beauty, wonderful and rare,
Sweeping from Windsor's halls to Highland glen,
And from Balmoral's Palace forth again,
Were heard to join both nations' harmonies.

What though wide vales and mountains intervene!
England and Scotia both unite to bless
The Heir of Argyll and our loved Princess.
"May they be happy!" and "God bless the Queen!"

AN AUSTRALASIAN BRIDAL.

'TWAS eve upon an Australasian shore;
Bright orange clouds were floating round the sun,
Their curtained folds outspreading far and near,
Golden, yet hazy, from excess of light;
And as they trailed across the gorgeous floor,
And gathered up each sunbeam one by one,
With crimson canopies hung round the sphere,
Like handmaids of the setting sun—'twas night!

Night—on the river gently rippling by—
Night on the mountains with tall pine-trees crowned,—
Cicadas now began their shrilly song
Amid the branches of the reedy trees.

Soft twilight never visited that sky:
The sun began his race as with a bound,
Finished his course as giant swift and strong,
Then plunged his orb beneath the western seas.

I love that *twilight* hour of northern lands
Better than all the garish hours of day:
Gently she comes, one star upon her crown,
With footfall silent as the flaky snow;
And as a mother bends, with folded hands,
Above her nursling children's heads to pray,
So does she waft her dewy blessings down,
And benisons descend on all below.

But *night* within that tropic land was *fair:*
The stars, like golden globes suspended, hung
From some far dome of infinite extent;
The lustrous moon, most beautiful and bright,
Sailed through the purple vaults of ambient air;
Whilst brightest of the constellation throng
Glittered the Southern Cross, and, as it bent,
The watcher knew how sped the hours of night.

Close by the river's brink a villa stood;
The garden trees o'erhung the lucent wave;

So brightly shone the moon that you might count
Banana clusters in the waters clear:
Tall bending bamboos rustled by the flood,
Peaches and grapes their purple radiance gave,
The passion-flower climbed up the terraced mount,
And orange groves of scented bloom were near.

'Twas Amber Mount, and in a terraced room
On the veranda sat a maiden fair,
The sweetest flower in Australasia's land.
She seemed t' have borrowed from each clime a grace:
An orient brow, with England's purest bloom,
Long drooping eyelashes, black flowing hair,
Eyes of deep violet, a classic hand,
And form a Phidias might have loved to trace.

She sang a plaintive air, glancing at times
Upon the river, which all rippling lay
Beneath the moonbeams, shimmering in their light:
The melody was beautiful and rare;
The far-off waterfall, like distant chimes,
Or memories of the past, floating away,
Whispering and sighing on the breath of night,
Mingled its liquid cadence with the air.

The accents which once breathed from Judah's fount,
Were echoing now round rocky Amber Mount,
As sang the maiden, by Pine River side,
Of a far distant *river's vanished* tide:—

"By the rivers of Babylon weeping we sate,
And sighed for our beautiful hill;
O Salem! we wept, and remembered, too late,
Thy pure gushing fountains were still.

"We hangèd our harps on the willow-trees round;
For they who had borne us away,
And carried us captive, demanded its sound,
And bade us awake its lost lay.

"Oh! how shall we strike, Harp of Zion, thy chord
In the land of the stranger afar!
Or how shall we sing the glad songs of the Lord,
Where they waste us 'neath Babylon's star!

"If I ever forget thee, O land of my song!
Let my right hand her cunning forget;
If I cease to remember thee, then let my tongue
In silence for ever be set.

"If I do not prefer thee above my chief joy,
Thy temple no more may I see;
If I ever forget thee, Jerusalem, then
May my God forget mercy to me."

The fireflies now began to flit and glance
Across the fences of the garden ground;
Like bright-winged gems, or living diamond sparks,
They fluttered through the open window pane.
Mosquitoes, too, began their whirling dance,
With buzz of sharp intolerable sound;
Then windows closed and curtains fell, but hark!
The songstress wakes another, gladder strain:—

"Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
From whence my help doth come:
When sore distresses press me round,
When sorrows cloud my earthly home,
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The sunny hills of Paradise.

"*Thy* help is from the Lord Most High,
Who made the earth, and sea, and sky:
In following such a Heavenly Guide,
Thy foot shall not be moved aside:

The Lord, who slumbers not, will keep
Thy trembling soul amongst His sheep.

"Behold! He keeps His children well,
Who is the Guard of Israel:
Sunstroke by day they need not fear,
By night, no pestilence is near;
Let tempests swell and billows roll,
The Lord doth still preserve their soul.

"*Thy* going out and coming in
The Lord shall still preserve from sin;
No evil shall befall thee more,
From this time forth for evermore:
So to the hills lift up thine eyes,
The hills of Christ's own Paradise."

A rippling sound was heard advancing now,—
Glided a boat beneath the moon-lit ray;
Swiftly it glanced across the shining flood,
And steadily the boatman's oars were plied:
They ceased;—one rower caught a bending bough,
Tied the light bark, which in the shadow lay,
Then climbed the garden steps, and Victor stood
Beside Angelica, his promised bride.

The Southern Cross had just begun to bend,
And chilly airs blew o'er the ruffled river;
Wide grew the rushing stream, and strong the tide,
Before we reached the mangrove-shaded strand—
Victor and I (for there two rivers blend,
Where pine-trees and where tall acacias quiver):
Our dwellings there, the one on either side—
"Pine Forest" and the creek of "Golden Sand."

. . . . . .

'Tis morn,—the fervid sun, with scorching blaze,
Rises again in intertropic lands,—
And they who love the twilight and the shade
Would seek the thickest tangles of the bush,
Or penetrate the forest's densest gloom,
Were not the serpent often coiling found
'Mongst the dry branches of the withered boughs,
Or scorpion with deadly sting: there, too,
The fever lurks, by stagnant miasms bred,
Of vegetation rank and overgrown,
Unpruned luxuriance of centuries.

. . . . . .

The city lay beneath the Springvale Hills,
Bathed in the radiant colours of the morn.
I stood upon the Windmill Hill to gaze;—

From countless chimneys now the smoke began
T' ascend in clouds, though yet 'twas but four hours
Past midnight. In the earliest hour of dawn
A cannon boomed, and now a flag was seen
Upon the Beacon Hill—the signal given
That one more island ship had reached the port
And anchored safely, past the " Cape of Storms,"
And past the land from whence the hurricane
Rushes, with giant arms, across the swell
Of the Atlantic's rolling billowy leagues
Of waters *multitudinous*;—across the blue,
And bright Pacific, with soft rippling spray,
And glassy mirrored breast, where sea-birds lave.
Lovely as sleeping infant's, is the face
Of that wide ocean, save when winds contend,
And lash its billows up in foaming rage.

The dangerous voyage past, safely in port
At length,—so long the sport of changeful winds
And seas uncertain, in the harbour, moored
And anchor cast, the " Golden Vision " floats.
Marks of past conflict on her masts we see,
And shattered bulwarks; still, the storms o'erborne,
The ocean highway traversed, now she rests

Safely in haven, beautiful and still.
Welcome, "good ship," to thy well-earned repose!
We think of thee as of thy living freight,
As all of mortal race, tossed on the seas
Of life's uncertain ocean, voyaging
In storm and darkness to an unknown port—
In perils oft upon the surging deep;
Yet, if *not* shipwrecked, reaching port at *last*,
The land where angels signal to the good,
And crowd the heavenly shores to welcome home.

And what of those who lately walked these decks,
Floating so long between the sea and sky,
The living souls transported o'er the deep
In that tall ship? What of the passengers,
Who crowd the wharves and streets in mingling throng?
What of their memories, their hopes and fears?
Diverse as are the woven threads of life
Their antecedents are. Some from the fields,
And some from crowded towns and factories come,
From colleges of learning, courts of law,
From halls of science, homes of wealth and state;
Blended together for a time in hopes
And fears, as in one common danger bound—

The rich, the poor, the great, the good, the vile;
Now, their port gained, asunder rush, and part,
It may be, never more to meet again:
Their passage, an epitomé of life.

Watching the strangers who had stepped on shore,
I saw one stand, of free and manly port,
And in his face much gentleness and truth
Reflected faithfully the Christian mind.
"Malcolm," *he was*, cousin to "Angélique;"
He was a servant of the "Crucified;"
His chosen lot to minister to all,
And follow in the footsteps of his Lord.
The charge to him was given—"Go forth and teach,"
"Gather the outcasts in;" he had not failed
"To sow beside all waters" . . . . .
On the passage out, each Sabbath-day,
Worship divine he led, inviting all
To join in prayer and praise. Sometimes but few
Responded to the lonely ship-bell's call,
Though solemn and majestic on the sea
The worship offered to the Lord of all
By a few wanderers floating o'er the deep,
With but a fragile plank between their souls

And God's eternity. Yet oftentimes
The winds would be contrary, emblems true
Of our vain wills and fancies. Once 'twas thus
It happened that devotion's dove was scared
From resting on those ocean worshippers :—
The morn was calm, the decks all fairly set,
A hymn was sung to Him who made the sea,
And whose it is, when lo! a stately ship
Passed in her course, and heads, just bent in prayer,
Began to rise and peer around. The hail
Was heard of "Ship ahoy!" then *one* by *one*
The congregation passed away, and left
The minister deserted and alone.
Ah, senseless worshippers! foolish and vain!
Yet which of us can have the right to cast
The accusing stone, since often do we turn
Aside to see some painted ship pass by,
Floating on Fancy's wild and treacherous seas—
Some phantom sail, buoyed up by idle gale,
And then pursued by wild imaginings,
Whilst we bow down in attitude of prayer
'Neath vaulted dome, in dim cathedral aisle,
Or in the church of plainest rustic form
And simplest ritual? Oh! changeable

As are the winds, uncertain as the seas,
Are human fancies, resolutions, wills!

That night at Amber Mount there was a scene
Of festal mirth and joy,—a gathering
Of many friends long sundered, lately met.
On the veranda rung the jocund laugh,
And oft resounded snatches, quaint and old,
Of strange sea-melodies, by sailors bold
Chanted in times of elemental strife
And perils dire. One song resounded most,
With chorus quaint;—'twas called "Young Rosalie."

. . . . . .

"Young Rosalie came o'er the sea
In a ship, 'The Fairy Queen;'
But her heart flew back from the ocean's track,
To her home on the woodlands green.
'Oh! why did I leave my humble cot,
My aged mother's side?
On the earth I shall see no other spot
So well beloved,' she cried;
'There the oak, and the elm, and the bonnie ash-tree,
Are all growing wild in the old *countrie*.'

"Young Rosalie has crossed the sea,
And reached the promised land;
She hears no more the billowy roar,
She treads the coral strand.
She has wed with Roland, strong and bold;
To the ore-fields he has gone,
To dig for the Australasian gold,
Whilst Rosalie sighs alone:
'Oh! the oak, and the elm, and the bonnie ash-tree,
Are all growing wild in the old *countrie.*'

"All silently dwells Rosalie
In her cottage at Rossmore,
She weeps for him who has gone away,
It may be to return no more;
And then for the 'mother dear' she sighs,
Beyond the blue sea's foam;
'Ah! would I had died ere I left thy side,
In my childhood's happy home,
Where the oak, and the elm, and the bonnie ash-tree,
Are all growing wild in the old *countrie.*'

"Young Roland lay in the heat by day,
And toiled the long night through;

He searched again for the glittering vein,
Till his nails like talons grew.
Wearied and sad, he cried,—'No more
Will I dig the noisome clay.'
One sudden stroke and the labour's o'er,
And the gold before him lay.
'Oh, the gold! the bright gold! 'tis for young Rosalie,
And we will away to the old *countrie.*'

"Oh! fair was the day when the ship sailed away,
Roland with golden store;
Rosalie blest, upon her breast
An infant treasure bore.
Blest was their lot, with affection crowned,
And wealth of golden store,
Riding the waves in the 'Homeward Bound,'
To the 'Mother Land' once more.
Where the oak and the elm and the bonnie ash-tree
Are all growing wild in the old *countrie.*

"The ship set sail, with a favouring gale,
Her course all fairly set,
She has long been due, with her hardy crew,
But has reached no land as yet.

For calm was the day when the ship sailed away
For the northern land once more,
But foul was the hour of the hurricane's power,
When she sunk 'mid the ocean's roar.

"She has reached no shore, shall never more
Cast anchor in the bay;
Deep, deep in the sea lies the young Rosalie,
With her babe 'neath the salt sea spray.
There Roland, too, with the shipwrecked crew,
Keep silent company,
Far, far from the aged mother's sight,
And far from the Woodlands' cottage white;
Where the oak and the elm and the bonny ash-tree
Are all growing wild in the old *countrie*."

Malcolm is dwelling at his uncle's home,
And he has found with grief an earthly love
Creeping between his conscience and his peace:
Not his the power to roll the torrent back,
Nor knows he why the chords of sympathy
Vibrate so keenly at his cousin's voice,
As though their hearts were bound together by
Some mystic chain of links invisible.
One thing he knew, his honour and his peace

Required that he should leave that dangerous spot,
And fly from sweet Angelica. But first
His lot must be to tie the nuptial knot:
This should be done, and then a long farewell,
Till death should souls unite, to her he loved.

One day a noise was in the distance heard
Savage and shrill, and then a clamorous band
Of screeching natives trooped along. Squalid
And lean their looks; their language seemed
More like the screams of sea-birds, cockatoos,
And parrots, than the voice of human sounds;
Harsh, dissonant, and shrill their tones.
And as they crowded in the garden croft,
Laughing and gay betimes, but quarrelling oft,
They seemed like noisy children in their play,
Too wild and masterless for reason's voice.
The women carried all their burdened store,
The men had but their spears and boomerangs.
One called himself King John, idle and gaunt,
With feathers gummed into his woolly hair;
A little broken English he could speak,
And said those plumes of bright and varied hue
He wore as mourning for his uncle dead.

When questioned, where had the departed gone?
He pointed to the ground with loud lament,
Said that his "uncle good would come up soon
A white man;" but "bad black would come up dog."
This was his superstition. Malcolm tried
In vain to teach a better faith beside.
He knew that many messengers had sought
To make these natives understand the voice
Of gospel truth. Some years before a band
Of German brothers left their native shores,
And crossed the seas: their mission was to preach
The gospel, and to civilise the race
Sunk lowest in the depths of ignorance.
Long time they strove, their efforts all in vain;
The minds of these black rovers of the bush
Seemed swathed, like Egypt's mummies, in deep rolls,
Fold upon fold, of shrouding bandages:
'Twould seem as if they were so decomposed,
That they would crumble into dust (if so it be,
That mind could ever die). Their souls, like lamps
Just ready to expire, with flickering blaze,
Could not, at least, rekindle in those vaults
Of earthy vapours, noxious and impure.
So thought those missionaries of the cross;

But they had made a vow not to return
To their own land; so formed a settlement
Close to the Bush. Lonely and drear it was,
Just on the verge of spectral forests, where
Bleached gum trees stretched their withered arms abroad,
Whose warped, distorted branches wildly swayed,
Creaking and rustling in every breeze.
Their houses, built of brick, were fenced around,
And oft the wild dog's howl was heard by night
In the plantations of Rosella shrubs,
Where cabbage trees the water gullies crowned.
No roads across the Bush; shut in for months
From civil intercourse of social life,
With few amenities to cheer and bless,
That band of worthy and devoted men
Themselves seemed travelling back to barbarism,
Just on the "borderland" of savage life.

Angelica had noted 'midst the troop
A squaw, with a black infant on her back,—
A sight not common,—and she much admired
The tawny babe. You could not call it black,
But swarthy rather; comely too, and plump,
With bright black eyes. The babe she now carest,

Placed on her lap, where carefully 'twas drest
In baby fashion, with bright scarlet hood.
Amazed, the mother smiled, then clapped her hands,
And asked for food, for drink, laughing aloud—
Still asking more according to supply.
At length the noisy native crew trooped off;
But went not far before loud shrieks were heard,
Where just beyond the fenced plantation ground
The savage crew made halt, and now were seen
Fighting with spears, and casting boomerangs.
The helpless babe, unclothed, lay on the ground;
Whilst wives and mothers mingled with the fray.
Then said Angelica, most pityingly,
"Would that I might have had that tender babe,
And reared it up in gentle Christian faith.
But the wild mother snatched it from my arms
With jealous grasp. But, cousin, do you think
These wretched remnants of a fading race,
Are travelling onwards to perdition's gulf,
Their future fate all *irremediable?*—
I think not so; they never heard the call
Of gospel messengers—the voice of love
Fell on their ears as falling leaves might drop
Upon the unconscious earth: they had no ears

To hear, nor sense to understand
Religious ministerings." Malcolm replied:
"I think with you, that we may safely leave
These to the unconditional award,
Th' uncovenanted mercies of the Lord;
For shall not He, who is the Judge of all,
Apportion righteous judgment, Angel, dear?"
An echo, floating on the woody skirts,
Re-echoed back the accents, "Angel, dear."

Surely the voice came from yon floating cloud,
Flecked and transparent as a bridal veil.

Victor was nigh—but his were other tones,
And these he interposed, with half a sneer:
"Truly might Darwin's theory appear,
Illustrated with proof and comment clear,
In these vile vagabonds—these tailless apes,
Sprung from chimpanzee or gorilla fierce,
Ourang-outang, or hideous baboon;
Or monkeys, black or brown, cunning as they,
Ferocious, treacherous, indolent, and foul.
One thing appears to me as provable
At least, that if for grandsires they can lay
No claim in monkeydom, they are themselves

Fast running down the genealogic tree,
Merging and dwindling into long-armed apes."
"Victor," said Malcolm, "there are bounds distinct
And broad to separate the race of man
From the mere brute creation. Apes were formed
To live in trees, and man to walk the earth
In upright posture. Man possesses voice
And reason, which beyond mere instinct soars
Above, far as the heavens from earth. Again,
Man hath the power to make the tools wherewith
He labours on the earth, or builds the ship
To navigate the seas, or wherewithal
To cook his food, which monkey ne'er essayed.
Nor ever did you see a dog exchange
A crust for bone; or watch a bartering bird,
Howe'er expert an architect it be,
Exchange a berry, or a piece of twig,
For most enticing caterpillar feast.
Brutes have no power to speak in other tongues,
They learn not languages, nor progress make
In arts: their instinct, like a barrier, walls
Them round—they cannot overleap its bounds.
But above all, no being except man
Has power to serve his Maker, and to choose,

Or to distinguish, right from wrong, and good
From evil; a conscience his alone."

"It may be so; but, Malcolm, come and see
These heathens dance their wild 'corrobboree.'
To-day they meet in General Sydney's ground,
And thither are these gentle natives bound,
There to receive their annual 'ground-rent fee,'
A 'scarlet blanket,' and a 'pound of tea.'"

The Christmas time was on the earth;
But in that land of scorching ray,
This was the season of the year
When summer reigned in all her pride.
There was no sound of skater's mirth,
No snows upon the mountains lay,
No sparkling ice on brooklets clear,
On this bright golden Christmas tide.

But blue the sea, and blue the sky,
And flowers of gorgeous tints were seen.
The fruits of every brilliant glow,
In lustrous bloom and fragrance vied;
Pine-apples of the sun's bright dye;
Guavas and melons, golden green;

The fig, the scarlet tomato,
With many a luscious peach beside.

On one bright morn, a mark was set,
Three sisters—Rosa, Ada, Clare—
Ran in and out with nimble feet,
And gathered regal wealth of flowers,
Sweet orange blossom dewy wet,
The maiden rose, the lily fair;
For soon the wedding guests would meet,
And wreaths were meet for bridal bowers.

Beneath her father's roof, the bride,
An Austral lily fair, inclined;
With pensive brow took up the vows
Which made her Victor's wedded wife.
Whilst Malcolm calmly set aside
All earthly thought for his to bind,
In holy marriage tie, the spouse
Dear to his heart as his own life.

But duty's path, an upland steep,
Doth lead to nobler prospects far
Than any smooth self-chosen way,
Leading to broad destruction's ground.

No snakes beneath the flowerets creep,
Within thy path, "Excelsior!"
If steep and arduous be the way,
'Tis ever with true honour crowned.

So Malcolm was to Auckland bound,
And islands of the Southern Seas;
The Yarra steamer in the bay
Would sail at sunset with the breeze.
And now, the wedding service o'er,
The guests betook them to the quay;
And soon a sailing party planned,
A visit to the sea-girt shore.

Merrily down the rippling stream
Sailed forth the joyous company,
Bridegroom and bride, as lily fair,
With bridesmaids in their white array,
Lovely as youthful poet's dream,
With sun-shade hats of Indian tree,
And tresses bright of golden hair,
In gauzy clouds floating away.

To coral isles, lovely to view,
With palm trees and acacias fair;

'Mid islets green, lakes mirrored stood,
Pink lilies floating on their breast.
Blossoms sprung up of every hue,
And danced the merry maidens there;
Whilst on the margin of the flood
The boats were drawn to rest the crew.

Danced on the sands, the young, the gay,
As danced the blossoms on the breeze;
As dances on the cataract's breast
The glittering rainbow-tinted spray;
As dance the moonbeams on the waves,
The Austral lights across the skies;
Or willows over lonely graves,
To whispering spirit's melodies.

Not long the time for dance and mirth,
Age soon will teach more measured tread;
The buoyant step must grow less light,
The elastic grace of youth be fled.
The winter time is long on earth,
Spring's early blossoms quickly shed;
Then let the young enjoy delight,
And dance till April days are sped.

Beyond the river's winding way,
Increasing and enlarging still,
A distant vessel might be seen,
Her pennant small as tiny speck.
"Shall we not go, my bonny bride,"
Said Victor, "with our friend on deck,
While these blithe dancers at their will
Like lambkins in the meadows play?"

So sailed they on, and shadows fell;
But marked they not the threatening signs:
For ever when the heart is full,
We take no note of outward things.
A minute may appear to swell
Into a space no line defines,
And hours may fly on beautiful
But swiftest visionary wings.

Black clouds began to gather round,
And suddenly, a lightning flash,
Heralding the loud thunder's roar,
Bright from the electric currents rushed.
Then rose the winds with sweeping force,
Then boomed the waves with sullen plash,

Then blew the gale to leeward shore,
Where, on a rock, the boat was crushed.

'Twas but a moment on the verge,
Destruction's yawning gulf beneath;
But in that moment crowded lay
All life-long memories of the past.
The rowers viewed the awful surge,
Black visages grew white as death;
One arm around Angelica
Malcolm protectingly has cast.

Then came the inevitable shock,
The waves swept o'er the tiny bark;
But from the summit of the rock
A signal gun was heard, and hark!
A lifeboat bounded o'er the waves,
The agony of death was o'er,
And, rescued from their watery graves,
All, all save one, were safe on shore.

Rescued save one,—and who was he?
The youthful "Herald of the Cross;"
He who had come from foreign lands,
With tidings of the "Prince of Peace,"

To bless antipodean strands.
His was the gain, if theirs the loss;
Ended on earth his ministry,
Commenced in heaven, no more to cease.

Malcolm could swim, awhile his grasp
Had been his drowning cousin's stay,
Till her unconscious form was borne
A helpless burden on the shore.
Then came a huge surge on its way,
And swept him seawards in its clasp;
He sunk at once, to rise no more,
Until the resurrection morn.

The storm passed off; when ceased the gale,
All reached their several homes at last,
But the young bride lay sleeping still,
In slumber which no waking knows.
At first she seemed but in repose,
Breathing, though marble cold and pale,
But death across that slumber cast
His sable wings for bridal veil.

Perhaps she heard an angel's cry,
"Angelica, awake!—arise!

A kindred soul is on the wing,
Together must ye both ascend,
And traverse the infinite skies,
For henceforth do your pathways blend
In sunshine and eternal spring,
United souls eternally."

But what their ministry above
We know not, for we cannot trace
The stars which at the dawning set
Behind the radiant orb of light.
We know their service one of love,
Their home the realms of truth and grace,
Where never shadow of regret
Or change can turn their day to night.

It may be that the wretched race,
Which one had aided as she might,
And one had crossed the seas to lead
To Jesus and His heaven above;
It may be in some world of space,
Where spirits struggle into life,
Angelica may find her meed
In teaching these that "God is Love."

And Malcolm, too, rejoice to find
Uncovenanted mercies reach
To these, the lowest of mankind,
Who here by reason, race, and speech,
No covenant could understand.
Yet not the less, the last award,
To those who for the "Master" *wrought*,
And those who only service *sought*,
Is welcome sweet, and full reward.

THE FINAL AWARD.

When in the glory of His power
The "Son of Man" shall come,
(Ended the mediatorial hour,)
To call His children home:
Seated upon His throne on high,
The holy angels throng the sky.

Then shall He gather from afar
All tongues and nations round,
Gather the nations to His bar,
Wherever man is found;
Not one that ever lived hath power
To escape the attesting judgment hour.

As a wise shepherd doth divide
And set apart the sheep,
The goats place on the other side,
A space between them keep ;
So Israel's Shepherd, Jacob's Might,
Divides the nations left and right.

Then shall the "King of Glory" say
To those on His right hand,
"Bless'd of my Father, come away,
Inherit the fair land—
The kingdom which for you I made
Ere earth's foundation depths were laid.

"Hungry I was, ye gave me food ;
Athirst, ye gave me drink ;
A wearied wayfarer I stood,
Ye saved me from the brink
Of perishing in misery ;
In prisons oft ye came to me."

Then shall the righteous answer—"When,
Lord, saw we thus distrest?"
The Judge shall mildly speak again,
"My brethren, these confest,

Oft sick and destitute of food,
In prison and in solitude.

"And *inasmuch* as ye have done
Good even to the least
Of these my brethren 'neath the sun,
And spread for them the feast,
Visited, clothed, whate'er 't might be,
Ye did it also unto *Me.*"

But some shall say, "Lord, we were poor,
In sickness, pain, and woe,
Ours neither strength nor worldly store,
We nothing *could* bestow."
But saith the Lord, "Ye were my sons,
My much beloved, afflicted ones.

"And, therefore, *inasmuch* as ye
Had in your hearts to give,
Accepted is the *will* by *Me.*
Ye also shall receive
My Father's welcome, 'Come, ye blest,
Inherit in the land of rest;'
No trembling fears your hearts need touch,
Sheltered beneath this '*Inasmuch.*'"

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE YEAR 1870.

YEAR of grace now departing, in haste to be gone,
With a young crescent moon just unclasped from thy zone!
As on with the years which to ages have rolled,
Still on to the cycles he speeds him. Behold!
There's a deep crimson stain on his track; from afar
There are clashing of arms and dread thunders of war.

Year of grace! we would write, and bind under thy wing,
A message—a prayer to Eternity's King.

Thou art travelling thitherwards, bear our request—
"Send us peace, Lord, send peace, thine own Christ-born bequest;
Send us peace, dewy peace, with the eyes of a dove,
And heal the deep wounds of the world with Thy love."

Year of grace! rolling on in thy course to the flood!
The nations have heard, but have not understood;
Thou hast spoken in wrath a terrible word,
For the angel of God has unsheathed his red sword:
There are voices around thee, on earth and in air;
The arm of the Lord is uplifted—Beware!

Fair city of Paris! the truthless—beware!
And, as one did of old, call for fasting and prayer;
It may be even yet the destroyer may turn,
Should France from her idols to Jesus return.
Are not ten to be found of the faithful and true?
And what may not ten in their prayerfulness do?

Victorious Prussia! a voice unto thee!
Who lives by the sword desolation shall see:

The cry of thy widows and orphans is loud,
Thy barns are unstored and thy fields are unploughed.
"The nation of blood will I judge," saith the Lord;
Then hasten to lay down the helmet and sword.

Italia! to thee a glad voice cries—Prepare!
A door has been opened, new vistas stretch there;
Thy mists are uprising, and sunlight is rolled
O'er thy valleys and mountains in torrents of gold:
Thy shepherds have led thee in dark paths astray,
But the Bible now points to "the excellent way."

Britannia! a warning—O generous and free!
The foe and the stranger find refuge in thee;
'Tis thine to receive, and to welcome th' oppressed,
But take not the sorceress of Rome to thy breast.
Now speed on, old year, and when rings thy last chime,
Waft our prayer, "Send us peace, Lord, give peace in our time."

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR 1872.

SEVENTY-TWO! the bells are pealing,
Hailing thee from many a tower;
Welcome, welcome, new-born stranger,
Enter—'tis the midnight hour!
Crowds are pressing round to greet thee,
Peering in thy down-dropped eye;
Whence thou comest, what thou bringest—
All is strange perplexity.

On the bridge of time at midnight,
When the old and new year met,
One with orient light resplendent,
One with tears of sorrow wet,

"I am wearied," said the ancient,
"Mine hath been a troubled time;
Now my passing knell they're ringing"—
"Rather 'tis my birthday chime,"

Said the stranger: "not a moment!
See the bridge is breaking down;
Hasten, in the foaming torrent
All thy crimson stains to drown;
Far away, in circling measures,
Wheeling through the ambient sky,
Thou wilt join the peaceful periods
Of a past eternity."

Let him go, all weary, war-worn;
His hath been a troubled time:
Better hope the new year bringeth,
Sweetly let the joy-bells chime.
May this year fair peace attend us,
May true freedom with us dwell,
May the God of Truth defend us—
War-worn year, a glad farewell!

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

MORNING and evening, midnight and noon;
The snows of December, the roses of June;
Spring-time, with birds, and with garlands of light;
Autumn, her harvests, her moons, and her blight,—
All the eye seeth of brightness and bloom,
Seasons of gladness and seasons of gloom,
Seasons of verdure, of growth, of decay,
Harken, ye children, they're passing away.

Man, and his works—pillars, temples, and towers;
Nature—her rocks, and her fountains, and bowers;
The cities of earth, with their tumult and strife;
The kingdoms and princedoms, with pageantry rife;

The sea, rolling on with her billowy might;
The mountains, upcrowned with their coronets white;
The tempest and whirlwind, the sunshine and shower,
They 're passing away as the vanishing hour.

Childhood—its beauty, its smile, and its tear;
Youth, with its bloom evanescent and clear;
Manhood, its turmoil, its strength, and its care;
Age, with its weakness, fatigue, and grey hair;
The pride of the patriot for country, for truth,
The love of the wife for the husband of youth,
The old man's fond memories of childhood's young day,
Cherish them kindly, they 're passing away.

There is a land where the sun ever shines,
The flowers ever bloom round its crystalline shrines:
There is no change, love never grows cold;
There is no death, life never grows old;
There is no sadness, no sorrow, no pain,
No sea of unrest on that heavenly plain.
Who would not hasten, from change and decay,
To *that* world whose fashion shall *not* fade away?

THREE SONNETS.

CAIN.

A TILLER of the earth wert thou, O Cain!
Ah! wherefore didst thou draw from earth's embrace
A monster there concealed—fierce Death, with pale
And clay-cold brow—instead of golden grain,
And blossoms bright as sunbeams? Ah! in vain
Would terror thrust him back, with shrieking wail,
Into his den. He sleeps no more. O frail
And ruthless murderer! were there not pain
And grief enough upon the new-cursed earth?
Had the destroyer come in meekest guise,
And on his mission unprovoked set forth,

With roses on his dart to cheat men's eyes,
That thou shouldst wake him, *savage* from his birth,
With hands imbrued in blood, and frantic cries?

SOLOMON.

NOT to behold the crown wherewith they crowned
King Solomon, on his espousals' day;
His gardens, retinue, or rich array,
His ivory throne, with lions girdled round,
And cedar house;—nor cities he did found—
As Tadmor in the wilderness—the play
Of mighty genii (as the Arabs say);
Come we from distant lands, since nought is found
Save columns in the waste. We come to see
Pillars by wisdom hewn, of nobler state;
Fruits glowing like the ruby from the tree
Of life; the pearl of price from Heaven's own gate;
Gold from her deep foundations; and the key
Of knowledge, which unlocks the door of fate.

JONATHAN.

SON of a king, and to a kingdom heir,
Yet didst thou coldly look upon a throne,
And choose a priceless treasure for thine own,
Than glittering gems more precious and more rare—
A soul-belovèd friend; and this thy care,
That thou in friendship's breast might reign alone:
Not seldom is such pure devotion shown.
Blest Jonathan! for thou the bliss didst share
In larger measure, since soul friends must part;
And his the happier lot who carries hence
Less of earth burdened memory in his heart.
Therefore more blest, because more *early* blest,
First in the royal city to find rest,
And in the skies a king's inheritance.

THE DYING GIRL'S SONG.

WHAT voice is in mine ear?
It whispers sweetly—Come!
A soothing voice, 'tis soft and low,
As is a gentle streamlet's flow
Through banks of golden bloom.
Is it death?
With sighing breath,
Wafting me on its tide into Infinity.

What wings are fluttering near,
Radiant and bright?
Refreshing dews they waft to me
From founts of immortality,
'Mid flowers of purple light.

Ye springs of life,
With healing rife,
I taste your balm, and feel no more the parting strife.

From evil cometh good,
From darkness springeth light;
When darkened clouds pile up the east,
The sun breaks forth in golden vest,
And rends the bolts of night.
When storms arise,
Rains flood the skies,
He turns the sullen drops to gems of paradise.

From war outspringeth peace:
When Rome to Britain came,
Her murderous hands brought arts unknown,
Civilisation's seeds were sown
Amid the sword and flame.
When war was o'er,
The conquerors bore
Sweet Christian faith to sit with healing on her shore.

From Winter's lap comes Spring;
From deserts of decay,

The germinating seeds shoot up,
The flowers spring forth with odorous cup,
In order's fair array.
What forms of light!
What lustre bright!
Spring from Corruption's womb, and Chaos' frozen night.

From Death there cometh Life;
Behind his robe concealed,
A heavenly babe rèmains awhile,
Waiting the resurrection smile.
When suddenly revealed,
To stature grown,
She grasps the crown,
And Death beneath her feet a powerless foe falls down.

It is not sad to die;
I 'm wearied of the way;
I long to pass unnoticed on,
With not a heart when I am gone,
To mourn my memory;

As falls the flower
From jasmine bower,
Or silently and soft as air-borne snowflake shower.

I see an arch of light,
Over death's flood it bends;
Shadows upon the waters play,
Of blissful regions far away;
An angel form descends,
And guides me fleet,
On cloud-borne feet,
To the "Shadow of the Rock," from the noon-day's scorching heat.

Thy kiss is on my brow,
Angel of death! I come!
A mighty arm 's outstretched to save
Me from the dungeons of the grave,
And take His exile home.
O Love Divine!
The power is Thine;
Thine everlasting arms, for ever, round me twine.

CHESTER REVISITED.

FAIR city of the west! all hail to thee!
England hath many a legendary scene,
And many a spot of quaint antiquity,
Where days and deeds of ancient date have been;
But, more than all, a spell is round thee cast,
A memory breathing halo of the past.

As in a crystal shrine of ancient day,
Thou dost preserve each relic in thy breast;
Memorials of fashions passed away,
And hopes and fears for ever laid to rest.
Thy records teach of vanity and strife;
Of love, of hate, of change, and mortal life.

The Roman hath been in thy gate, and high
From his lone turret gazed upon thy stream,
Then with impetuous motion heaved a sigh
For his far home, and Tiber's classic beam.
Perchance some Roman maiden's dark proud eye,
Has flashed across his dream of Italy.

The Norman's plume has on thy castle waved,
The Saxon serf thy fields and meadows ploughed,
Till, undistinguished, conqueror and enslaved
Have found in dark St Werburgh's vaults a shroud,—
Where leaden coffin and stone fragments lie,
With mouldering urn and sculptured effigy.

War's blood-red banners have waved over thee,
His horse's hoofs have scorched thy cowslip'd vale:
The black-winged pestilence did cover thee,
And mingle poison with the balmy gale;
And superstition, with inhuman arts,
Hath told the throbs of young and breaking hearts.

To me, fair city, dost thou now recall
The impressions of my childhood's wondering hour,
When first I gazed upon thy circling wall,
Thy rock-hewn streets, and the pale martyr's tower;

Now once again thy cherished scenes I greet,
And fling a poet's offering at thy feet.

What though my wreath may wither soon away!
What though my strains may soon in silence die!
Yet shall the spirit that inspired my lay
Haunt thee for ever; fill thy groves, thy sky,
The spirit of immortal poesy;
And thou art still a city of the heart,
From whence 'tis half a sorrow to depart.

THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM.

GEMS of the wilderness! silent, unseen;
Long in the solitude your home hath been,
Unrecked of as the cities of the plains,
Beneath the deep Dead Sea, in sulphurous chains;
Or as long buried Pompeii, concealed
Beneath the waste of the Phlegræan field.

Oh, deeply blue, as in the days gone by,
Still arches over you the azure sky;
And firmly fixed your Doric columns stand,
Casting your shadows on the sunny strand;
And in your silent eloquence, ye still
The raptured heart with joy and wonder fill.

"Ruin," Time's eldest born, came on the breeze,
Intent his fair inheritance to seize;
But as he gazed on thy majestic pile,
His gloomy features softened to a smile;
He flung his sceptre down, and sable dress,
And wed with "Beauty" in the wilderness.

Old Time trod lightly o'er thy pillared aisles;
His folded pinions softly swept thy piles;
Two thousand springs have fled, with verdure crowned:
Two thousand winters sighed their dirges round;
And still, between the mountains and the sea,
Ye stand like beacons of eternity.

THE FATHERLAND.

DOST thou know a land—a mighty land!
Whose children join as brothers' band,
To wall their country's coast?
Land of the minstrel's thrilling wire!
Land of the vine, the sword, the lyre!
The Fatherland we boast.

Hast thou seen a rushing river sweep
By castled crag and woodland steep,
Where twines the trellised vine;
Whilst onwards still it bends its course,
With infant smile and giant force?
'Tis the Rhine—Hurrah!—the Rhine!

Hast thou stood 'mid the forest's shades by night,
And gazed upon the Brocken height,
And seen a spectre stand,
With oaken club and outstretched arm?
He waves around his muttered charm,
To guard the "Fatherland."

Hast thou heard a solemn requiem roll,
Like music round a parting soul,
To waft it to the spheres?
The dying tones of rapt Mozart,
Mingled with life-drops from his heart,
Are floating through thine ears.

Hast thou heard the name of Luther sound
Like battle thunder's rumbling round,
Echoing afar and near?
Hast thou stood by Körner's quiet grave,
And seen the drooping willows wave
Beneath the moonbeams clear?

Hast thou listened?—Hark! they vibrate still,
From mountain-rock and vine-clad hill,
Those tones which fill the skies;

Which stirred through mighty Handel's mind,
Or round Beethoven's lyre entwined,
In choral symphonies.

Know'st thou, oh! where does beauty dwell?
If not by glen and blooming dell,
Beneath the Rhineland star.
Land of the Teuton and the sword!
Land of the Reformation Word!
My Fatherland!—Hurrah!

THE SWITZER'S SONG.

THE Alps! the giant Alps! ay yo!
Girt round with everlasting snow,
Of stainless purity.
The sun climbs up each rocky height,
He cannot dim the spotless white
On the mountains of the free.

Oh! the rapid torrent's joyous sound,
As it breaks from the rocky chasm's bound,
And madly leaps below;
What is the sparkling fountain's play,
In the sculptured halls of ivory,
To the mountain torrent's flow?

Oh! the eagle with unflinching eye,
Soaring across the cold blue sky,
Or perched on its eyrie old;
What bird of the sunny southern bowers,
With plumage as bright as the painted flowers,
So dear to the Switzer bold?

Oh! true of heart and firm of hand,
Is the Switzer in his rock-bound land,
Amid the glaciers wild;
As he chases the chamois o'er rock and steep,
Or follows it down into caverns deep,
Like a fearless mountain child.

Once a tyrant reigned with despot hand,
O'er the hills and vales of Switzerland,
But his hated power was crushed
When he bade a hero his weapon draw
On his own child's head, the mark he saw,
Whilst gazing crowds were hushed.

The bow is drawn, the arrow sped,
The child unhurt lifts up his head
To meet his father's eye;
But that father's glance is stern and proud,
As bursts like a sudden thunder-cloud,
A nation's soul-stirred cry.

To arms ! to arms ! for liberty !
Down with the power of tyranny,
Defiance to the foe !
And soon the unsunned snows are dyed,
And rushes on war's crimson tide,
In dark, ensanguined flow.

As rolls the avalanche along,
So Switzer's children, brave and strong,
Rushed on—the tyrant fell :
Now, freedom's banner in the sky,
Floats o'er the plains and mountains high,
In the land of William Tell.

Sweet is it now the rocks to climb,
And listen to the distant chime
Of the drover's tinkling bell :
And sweet is the mountain maiden's song,
As she roams the pastured vales along,
In the glorious land of Tell.

And dear is the Switzer's cottage home,
Where his dauntless children smiling roam,
In the rocky gulf below ;
Or sing on the hanging precipice,
With chalet perched o'er the white abyss :
The giant Alps ! ay yo !

THE SEVEN SISTERS:

A VISION.

DARKNESS was brooding o'er the earth and seas,
The skies were gemmed with many a lustrous star,
And just above me shone the "Pleiades;"
Whence, floating on a lunar rainbow car,
Approached a spirit, beautiful and bright,
And cried—"Who watches at earth's gates to-night?"

Then came from earth's well-guarded gate reply—
"Seven sisters we, by turns, do watch and wait,
Commissioned by the Lord of earth and sky,
To let no stranger pass from other state,

To arms! to arms! for liberty!
Down with the power of tyranny,
Defiance to the foe!
And soon the unsunned snows are dy
And rushes on war's crimson tide,
In dark, ensanguined flow

As rolls the avalanche along,
So Switzer's children, brave and stron
Rushed on—the tyrant f
Now, freedom's banner in the sky,
Floats o'er the plains and mountains
In the land of William T

Sweet is it now the rocks to climb,
And listen to the distant chime
Of the drover's tinklin
And sweet is the mountain maide
As she roams the pastured vale
In the glorious land o

And dear is the Switzer
Where his dauntle
In
Or sung on

F INNOCENCE.

e heavenly shore,
tiful and fair,
to earth I bore,
ake it blossom there.

gal head
found a golden crown
its leaves like lead,
tainless roses down.

's cot I hung
rustic brow,
eaves among,
hilling winds did blow.

ildish hand,
it first in sportive play ;
w it on the sand,
blossom torn a

on Beauty'
me up with
er ;
clusters di
withered

G

Unless his mission hither he reveal,
Repeat the watchword, show the Prince's seal."

Replied the spirit—"This my watchword know,
'Glory to God on high, and peace on earth,
Goodwill to man,' and all his race below.
Thus did we sing to hail Messiah's birth;
But come I now on simpler errand down,
Lo! in my hand, this radiant seven-starred crown.

"And as ye here on orient hills recline,
Waiting the uprise of the coming morn,
I pray ye now in converse to incline,
And tell me of your mission until dawn;
Your wanderings by the way, and how you fare,
With which the seven-starred crown hath right to wear."

Then murmuring assent, the sisters smiled,
And waited each for other to commence;
Till one came forth, half angel and half child,
The youngest born—her name was Innocence;
Her voice thrilled through the air in accents clear,
Like midnight harpings from a distant sphere:—

THE SONG OF INNOCENCE.

I GATHERED, on the heavenly shore,
A garland, beautiful and fair,
Then on my breast to earth I bore,
And sought to make it blossom there.

I placed upon a regal head
My wreath, but found a golden crown
Would press upon its leaves like lead,
And weigh my stainless roses down.

Beneath a peasant's cot I hung
My garland on a rustic brow,
But ruthlessly its leaves among,
The rude and chilling winds did blow.

I placed it in a childish hand,
Which clasped it first in sportive play;
But soon he threw it on the sand,
With bud and blossom torn away.

I hung a wreath on Beauty's shrine;
The sun came up with scorching power;
In vain new clusters did I twine,
My roses withered in an hour.

I saw a gentle maid alone,
And gathering now fresh flowers of white,
I bade my purest bloom entwine
Around her brow of marble white.

The blue-eyed maiden early died,
But wandering through the churchyard gloom
I saw my wreath in stainless pride,
Wave its white blossoms o'er her tomb.

Then "blessèd are the dead who early die"—
They're mine for ever—
Pollution's breath and Falsehood's sigh
Shall touch them never.
Chosen and happy are the early dead
Who sink into the grave—life's dews around them—
Ere yet the folded leaves of life are spread,
Or burst the silken fetters that surround them:
On earth the sweetest flow'rets quickly die,
The safest those, transplanted to the sky.

Then rose, in sweet and reverential grace,
A sister seated in the lowest place;
She spoke:—"I do not with the rest compare,
But since we understand, in spirit lore,

'The last shall be the first, the first be last,'
Therefore I come, and take my place before
Those who have higher rank than I, to show,
That so hereafter I may be o'ercast,
Lost in the shadows these above me throw."

Thus spake Humility with quiet grace,
Nor drew aside the veil which screened her face,
Whilst sweetest fragrance floated on the air
Like spirit breathings round those sisters fair.

SONG OF HUMILITY.

I SOUGHT a flower, an earthly flower,
To plant it in my heavenly bower;
I sought, 'midst beds of tropic bloom,
This flower of exquisite perfume.

I sought it east, I wandered west,
On May's green lap, in June's warm breast,
In golden Autumn's radiant hour;
But sought in vain my favourite flower.

I wandered through each gay parterre,
Fanned by the sunny southern air;
Explored each fountained terrace round,
But my sweet flow'ret was not found.

I love the mossy rose full well,
I love the lily's silvery bell;
But that, with richest beauty fraught,
Was not the simple flower I sought.

One morn I saw a village maid,
Wander beneath a leafy shade,
To watch the April shadows pass
With dewy footsteps o'er the grass.

I saw the smiling little maid,
Beneath an ancient beech-tree's shade,
And where the grass with dew was wet,
Pluck up my blue-eyed violet.

The eastern winds had rudely swept
The leafy bank whereon it slept;
But, cradled 'neath its verdant screen,
No winter had my wild flower seen.

I bore my fragrant prize away,
To nurse it in the fields of day;
Now on a shady bank it lies,
The sweetest flower in Paradise.

Next one came forth, but paused awhile,
  Resembling much Humility—
Twin sisters knew I by the smile,
  And ever linked in unity.
Like as the bells the lilies bear,
Humility and Patience were—
The same in stature and in tone,
And either seldom found alone.
I asked sweet Patience whence she came:
"Endurance," said she, "is my name;
For in this world of sin and care
Much is there to endure and bear."

PATIENCE.

I NEED not tell thee that the race of man
  Is born to an inheritance of woe;
Yea, "as the sparks fly upwards to the sun,"
  So do sharp sorrows compass him below.

And when the ills of life grow strong and sure;
  When deep afflictions press him to the ground;
Then hath he need of Patience, to endure
  Amidst the ills which circle him around.

Attend, whilst sounds of tumult cease,
The soothing song of holy Peace :—

SONG OF PEACE.

MOURN, for a warrior slain to-day—
A nation's boast and pride ;
Trophies of conquest around him lay,
For on Glory's breast he died.
There 's a blood-stained wreath upon his brow,
And martial honours surround him now ;
Yet mourn, for the land where he is gone
Is a land of *peace* and *love* alone ;
There is no sound of clashing spear,
No tramp of war-steed thundering there ;
The battle 's done—
No palm in the skies has the victor won.

I saw the long procession come ;
The funeral pomp and pageantry ;
I heard the roll of the muffled drum,
And the cannon shot pass harmlessly.
Whilst sounds the hero's solemn dirge,
Backwards, I roll war's crimson surge ;

With helmets doffed the nations meet,
Their swords lie sheathed beneath their feet—
My white flag waves
O'er the buried slain on the field of graves.

Three times that land I've circled round,
With flagging wing and panting breast,
Nor sweet repose, nor safety found,
Nor floating ark wherein to rest:
But now th' o'erwhelming floods subside,
And ebbs the dark retreating tide;
Green hills and valleys smooth appear,
The mists fall from the atmosphere—
My olives see,
Waving aloft in victory!

Thus sang sweet Peace, with accents low,
And then her golden hair unbound,
From whence, in clustering garlands flow
All flowers which tapestry the ground;
Whilst fruits spring up beneath her feet—
The golden grain and grape-vine sweet.

She ceased, and one stood in her place,
Of form erect and noble grace,

As, lighted by the moon's pale beams,
Some sculptured form of beauty gleams;
So marble pale, so passionless,
Stood that fair form of loveliness,
Her dark and earnest eyes upraised,
As if upon some world she gazed,
Though distant, yet to view more clear
Than all that met her vision near.
Far-seeing Faith, to whom 'tis given
To walk on earth, yet live in Heaven:—

SONG OF FAITH.

I 'VE been to-night, said Faith, where, far away
Upon the Northern Ocean's stormy crest,
A ship was floating, 'mid the gathering spray,
Floating along like sea-bird to her nest.

I tracked that vessel's course—the winds grew high—
More heavily the sullen billows broke,
Whilst fleet the spirit of the storm winged by,
And from his robes the livid lightning shook.

Amidst the breakers whirled the fated ship;
Men crowded on her deck with wild alarms,

Save where, a smile upon his beaming lips,
One youthful form lay cradled in my arms.

He dreamt, but 'twas not of his childhood's home,
The hillside cottage, and the stream beneath,
The hedgerow lanes, where once he loved to roam,
Near the old windmill on the lonely heath;

Nor thought he e'en of that beloved form
Who deemed each gust, amid the howling trees,
Perchance the distant echoes of that storm
Which rocked her absent child upon the seas.

He deemed that 'midst the wild and watery roar,
One came and walked upon the stormy sea—
'Twas He who trod the billows once before,
To meet His friends upon blue Galilee.

He saw the same Deliverer there that night,
As once upon a vessel's deck He lay;
The surging billows gave him no affright,
They could not tear him from that faith away.

Jesus was there to still each wild alarm,
And to rebuke the billows as they rose,

So thought he as he lay in slumber calm,
  So felt he when he woke from that repose.

What though the ship went down into the deep?
  Jesus was there to whisper gently, Peace;
To bid each fear depart; his soul to save;
  And bear to where the storms of life all cease.

A mother mourns her son wrecked in the deep,
  And tells his fate with bitter anguish riven;
Ah! vain the tear which earthly sorrow weeps,
  Her child is greatly blest—he smiles in Heaven.

Faith took her seat beyond the bank—
A sister stept forth from the rank.
Her zone was of the opal's sheen,
Less changeful than her glance, I ween;
Her fluttering robe was starry bright;
Her wings were ever spread for flight;
And rainbow colours round her head
Their iridescent glories spread.
Like the blithe lark's at early dawn,
That seraph's voice was upwards borne;
The deep blue vault with music rang,
Whilst Hope, the joyous seraph, sang;—

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I 'VE circled round the rolling sphere
With an unflagging wing,
Save when, to charm some mortal ear,
I paused my lay to sing—
To fan away the mourner's sigh,
To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.

I 've swept o'er princely palace halls,
Swift as a shooting star;
I 've stood within the poor man's walls,
And pointed him afar,
To where the priceless treasures lie,
Earth's crowns and kingdoms cannot buy.

I 've been where a lone mother stands
And weeps—her child no more;
I 've told her how his baby hands
Plucked up, unsought, a flower
Whose living leaves twined round the boy
A wreath of immortality.

I 've been where a fair maiden lies
In feverish unrest;

I 've lit with joy her sparkling eyes,
With gladness filled her breast;
Though hovers round her death's dark cloud,
I've scattered roses on her shroud.

I 've told the weary wanderer
Of sweetest rest to come;
And to the shipwrecked mariner
I 've whispered "*Help and home.*"
I 've gathered all the bitter tears
Of waning life and wasted years;
And all the drops of earthly woe
They 're glistening in my radiant bow.

Hope ceased, and waved her lovely hand,
And one came from the sister band—
The loveliest of those spirits seven—
The loveliest 'mid the ranks of Heaven.

Her vestment, like the milky way,
Was bright with one commingling ray
Formed by ten thousand myriad stars—
A vision slumber might disclose,
And straight withdraw again;

But ill might earthly pencil trace
The radiant sweetness of that face—
The sunshine of the soul-lit eye,
The melting smile of Charity;
And earthly strains would fail to tell,
The song of love ineffable:—

THE SONG OF CHARITY.

SISTERS, the starry angel said,
Well on your missions have ye sped;
Mine, too, hath been an earthward flight,
And sweet my task of love to-night:
I 've watched beside the couch of pain,
'Midst haunts of sadness and despair,
Where poverty and anguish reign,
I 've stood a minist'ring angel there;
I 've lingered on the scorching sand,
When pestilence walked through the land;
As the still streams flow
On the banks where the healing balsams blow,
Of the river that glides through the city of God,
So health has sprung up on the pathway I trod.

I 've been within a sun-bright isle,
Home of a dusky race of slaves,

Who toiled as burdened beasts erewhile,
Then dropt unpitied in their graves;
I lit the torch of liberty,
I set the fettered bondmen free.
Now free as the forest breezes blow,
Free as the waters which round him flow,
As the track of the sun ere he sets in the west,
Is the path of the slave through the "Isles of the Blest."

I 've been within a dungeon's gloom,
Where chained a wretched felon lay,
Condemned in ignominious doom
His forfeit life on earth to pay;
I 've whispered him of mercy's price,
And of a Saviour's sacrifice,
And when the shouting throngs were fled,
The judgment knell rung dead—dead—dead,
I bore his trembling soul on high,
To the tribunal of the sky.
With shouts of triumph Heaven's wide arches rang,
As "Ransomed—ransomed—ransomed," angels sang.

Then suddenly burst forth the songs,
As from ten thousand myriad tongues,

Swelling in choral symphonies
And shouts triumphant through the skies;
From every starry home of light,
From every constellation bright,
Were harpings heard of golden wires;
Whilst sang aloud the Heavenly choirs:—
"Greatest art thou, O Charity!
We give the seven-starred crown to thee;
Thy name and mission shall endure
When other names are known no more."
Young *Innocence* may roses wave
Of stainless white on early grave;
Humility perfume with worth
The modest flower of lowly birth;
Sweet *Patience* lay her burden by,
And each may walk as saints on high;
But *Peace* hath no more storms to quell,
Where never billows rage or swell—
She sinks into 'the glassy sea,'
Which glistens on eternally;
Faith needs no more her second sight,
But melts away in floods of light;
Sweet *Hope* transmutes no more the tear
In brilliant rainbow to appear—

She knows not how to be more blest,
And dies upon her sister's breast;
But *Charity* shall never cease
Her reign in the abode of bliss—
"Thine is the right, celestial dove,
Of rich inheritance above,
Lovely in honour and renown,
'Tis thine to wear the seven-starred crown."

They're gone; as swift the lightning flies,
So sudden darkness veils the skies;
Each star has set, each beam of light,
Each watcher taken upward flight.

But, hark! the distant hymn still floats
Upon the listening ear,
Then louder the resounding notes
Swell forth in accents clear—
"Glory to God, and peace from Heaven,"
Join harp, and heart, and voice,
O'er wanderers found, and sins forgiven,
The angel hosts rejoice.

THE DEAD.

YE talk of the dead, of the silent tomb,
Where the mouldering relics rest;
Ye think of the vault, the charnel gloom,
The sod on the clay-cold breast;
But not of the "living" beyond the sky,
And beyond the mountains old—
The entrancing gaze, the raptured sigh,
As the gates of bliss unfold.

Ye tell of the tears, the bitter tears,
By weeping mourners shed;
The broken ties of vanished years,
The pangs of the dying bed;

But not of the joy, the holy love,
Which ransomed spirits feel,
As parent, kindred, meet above,
In the seraph ranks to kneel.

Ye sigh for the dead who sleep beneath,
As if the tears ye shed
Were fitting gems to crown the wreath
Which rests on the seraph's head;
Ye think of the shroud, the funeral pall,
But forget the robes of white;
Cease—let the mantle of sorrow fall,
And sing for the "saints in light."

THE MILLENNIUM.

(WRITTEN AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.)

THEY have gone forth from east to west,
The watchmen of the night;
Their voices break the slumberer's rest—
"Behold! the dawning light;
See, on the snow-crowned hills afar,
The golden sunbeams rest;
Behold, the bright and morning star
Shines on the ocean's breast."

They have gone forth from north to south,
The heralds of the morn;
Their tidings spread from mouth to mouth—
Behold the looked-for dawn;

Soon shall the gloomy night-pall sink,
The clouds be rolled away,
And full, from Prophecy's veiled brink,
Spring the Millennial Day.

What of the night? thou watchman grey,
Across yon Arctic main?
What of the night? young wanderer, say,
Amidst the tropic plain;
Ye mariners, what of the night?
As o'er the seas ye glide,
The Pillar of the Gospel Light
Your Pilot and your Guide.

"The morning comes!"—'neath forests green
The hymn of gladness peals;
Beneath the tall palmetto's screen
The swarthy Christian kneels.
The savage warrior flings away
The weapons of his tribe;
Forgets his wild war-whoop, to pray,
And words of peace inscribe.

"The morning comes!"—on Syria's plain,
'Neath Palestine's blue sky,

"Mourners in Zion" oft complain,
As in the days gone by;
And when again on Judah's ground,
The banner is unfurled,
There visits earth's remotest bound,
The Day-spring of the world.

"The morning comes!"—and yet the night
On many a spirit lies;
The evening comes—yet flashes light
On many a spirit's eyes.
At morn and evening must it be,
Whilst through the world we stray,
Till on thy shores, Eternity,
We wake to perfect Day.

DE CLIFFORD.

HE was a gentle boy, of promise rare;
Son of an English nobleman; his home
One of the stately mansions of our isle:—
The sloping lawns verged on a river's bed,
Whence weeping willows overhung the stream;
And, 'midst the park of many acres, grew
The ancient oak, the tasselled birch, the elm,
And chestnut trees, in lengthened avenues.
The deer beneath the spreading branches strayed;
The swans upon the lake went floating on
With gentle ripple, arching neck and crest;
Beautiful flower-beds islanded the lawns;
Beautiful fountains flashed their mimic play;—
A scene it was of quiet loveliness,

Filling the heart and mind with peace and joy.
Beyond the shrubberies, there stretched afar
A seeming wilderness of trees—cedars
Of Lebanon were there, waving their arms
In giant pride, whilst underneath their shade
A youth was seated, book in hand: it was
The young De Clifford—this his loved resort,
Silent and grand, yet solitary too;—
But solitude the musing student loved,
As every bright, imaginative mind
Is apt to do. I marked his slender form,
His eyes' deep lustre, and the azure veins
Which streaked the marble of his brow, and knew
There was a canker playing at the root
Of so much loveliness. Consumption fell
Had marked him for a victim; and this day
He walked alone, to bid farewell to scenes
And sounds beloved—the whispering of the winds
Amidst his own ancestral woods and trees;
The cawing of the rooks on plunder bent,
And taking counsel each to have his will.
To-morrow, and "the heir" would leave his home
For foreign lands, in search of health, more worth
Than thousand blazing rubies from the mine—

Alas! more unattainable than they,
And flying most where most it is desired.

His boyhood had been merciful and mild.
Often, when snows lay thick upon the ground,
His hand had fed the robins hopping near;
And much he loved in spring to gather ferns,
Cowslips, and wild-flowers, in the shady copse;
And study "common things," until they grew
Rare and most wonderful. In Silverdell
There was a poor blind boy, who gained his bread
By gathering cresses from the brook, and oft
The young De Clifford watched his wanderings,
And guided him across the rustic plank.
By gentle deeds of kindness, thus he won
The blessing and the tear from all around;
And many were the prayers that followed him,
When the fair morrow saw him on his route.

'Tis morning in that city of the world,
That wide gigantic mart, whose thronging streets
With life's pulsations almost seem to beat.
Who hath not felt the strange enthralling spell—
The fancy to enchain, the soul to thrill,
Of that proud Queen of Nations, as she sits,

The enthronèd Empress of the British Isles?
Swart India decks with pearls her diadem;
And Australasia brings her virgin gold;
And the fair islands of the southern seas
Fly to her breast, like honey-laden bees,
With their sweet produce; the blue waves alone
The *rocking* steps whereby to mount her throne.

Man feels, amid the thronging populace
Which crowd this city's mart, his nothingness—
An atom speck—a drop from ocean's store;
The tide rolls on, as on it rolled before—
The tide of human life, from which his own
Is a light bubble on the surface blown,
Rising to disappear. In varied form,
And thousand wondrous shapes, does Being swarm
Its circling mazes round the aching sight,
Each individual form a mystery.
Onward in countless multitudes they pass,
But whence they came, their character, their name,
We know not. Of one brotherhood and race,
No sympathy within their looks we trace;
And who hath not, when unbefriended—lone—
A stranger 'midst that human chaos thrown,

Felt as 'twere in a wilderness he stood,
Pressed with the leaden weight of solitude?
Nor in Sahara's waste of desert sands
More solitarily the traveller stands;
Nor on the Arctic snows, with icebergs bound,
A lonelier spot the mariner has found.

So felt De Clifford; 'midst that busy scene,
His own existence, like a fleeting dream,
Was linked to nothing he beheld around:
His spirit seemed to fail, and pensive grew
The "Heir of Silverdell," amidst the throng;
For Wealth her pleasures lavished at his feet,
And led him on through scenes of courtly pomp,
Where fashion wreathed her rosy garlands round,
And festal mirth lit up her glittering lamps,
But failed to make his saddened heart rejoice.
He saw joy wore a mask, and often smiles
Were like the roses scattered on a shroud,
Or blooming o'er the grave of loved ones lost,
Telling of sorrow rather than of aught
Of joyousness: even in mirthful scenes
He grew more melancholy. Sad
Life's contrasts were—startling and wild—

Himself a favoured minion—"Fortune's child"—
Whilst thousands, crushed beneath her chariots, lay
Scarce breathing, in the dust of Poverty.
Yet never did he doubt the love of God,
Or dare to question the Omnipotent;
That were indeed a foolish thing—because
The wind grew boisterous, the billows rough,
And breakers lay ahead, small reason 'twere
The passengers should throw their compass by,
Their pilot overboard, destroy their charts,
And choose to navigate the dangerous seas
By their own ignorance of all around.
De Clifford felt that all the circling lines
Of human nature's wide circumference,
Were radiated from one central point,
And verged again to that same radiant Sun;
He left the Hand which formed humanity
To solve its problems, and "from evil work
The greater good:" "his trust was in the Lord
Who made the heavens and earth"—redeemed them too.
Still was the young and sympathetic soul
Sad, for the miseries and crimes around.

They sought to soothe, and called for music's aid;

He listened, glanced around with startled eye,
Felt as some floating spirit passed him by,
And on aerial pinions borne along,
Floating o'er waves of silv'ry harmony,
His spirit glided with the swelling tide;
Blissful, though oft unconsciously he sighed,
As hovering o'er some fathomless abyss,
Until the strains in silence died away.

But still the hectic gathered on the cheek;—
Physicians came, and recommended change
Immediate, for science could no more.

They bore him to the vine-clad south of France,
Amid whose bloom the black-eyed peasants dance
Beneath the glowing sunset's fading rays,
Light as the webs of silken gossamer
Waving upon the breeze; but soon the tramp
Of war-steed was at hand—horror and strife.—
They hastened on, to where the mountains white
Stand giant sentinels of Freedom's Land,
Girt in their canopies of stainless snow;
Beneath whose feet the foaming cataract leaps,
And dashes down the thundering avalanche;

Then on to where the star of liberty
Hath shone, but set, yet to arise again,
Upon the lovely shores of Italy.

The youth here wandered by the classic streams,
Whose waters still roll through the poet's themes
With fresh and bubbling, their sparkling play
Lit by the golden sun of genius.
Beneath the myrtle trees he loved to roam,
Where the wild olives grew, and where stood Rome,
The disenchanted city, yet, whose name
With ringing echoes fills the halls of Fame.

And here De Clifford lingered, loath to part;
For his the painter's eye, the poet's heart.
He knew the upas tree of Christendom,
With overshadowing growth, had swept that land,
And spread her branches to remotest plains;
But knew he, too, the axe was at the root,
And hoped he that the poison-cup would be
Emptied, ere long, of all its deadly draught:
Even now the winds of liberty began
To blow, with healing, o'er the Campagna,
Once blighted with malaria's vapours foul.

And here he had been well content to dwell,
Musing like hermit in his lonely cell.
Hour after hour, upon the lone seaside,
It was his wont to gaze upon the waves,
Or watch the sail of some receding bark
Which slowly floated on before the gale :
With nature high communings thus to hold,
On the resounding beach, or by the side
Of some high mountain, rich in memories
Of days and deeds gone by. From thence we steered
To lovely islands 'midst Ionian seas,
Whence my companion pointed to each height,
Bright with the blaze of legendary light ;
He told me how the Grecian patriot died,
And the last farewell of his plighted bride,
When on the battle-eve she gave his sword,
And with it thus addressed her parting love :—

THE SONG OF THE GREEK MAIDEN.

We 've wandered many an hour together,
Beneath the spreading cedar wood ;
In childhood's hours we 've danced together,
By the bright founts, the glittering floods ;

We 've decked the festal bowers with roses,
We 've culled the red grape side by side,
But here our track of sunshine closes,
And now our pathways must divide.

Go where the Turkish crescent 's gleaming
High o'er the glittering minaret;
Whilst on thy deeds of glory dreaming,
I by the blue sea linger yet;
And while the battle thunder 's pealing,
And thou art fighting to be free,
I, at the hour of vespers kneeling,
Will softly breathe a prayer for thee.

Bethink thee of thy country's glory,
Of Marathon—Thermopylæ;
Whose names, renowned in ancient story,
Are watchwords still of liberty.
And where the trumpet 's loudest blowing,
Amidst the yells of pain and wrath;
Where the red stream is deepest flowing—
There, 'mid the foremost, be thy path.

Go, where the fiery steed is prancing
Unbridled over the slippery ground;

Where, 'midst the sunbeams brightly glancing,
The scimitars are flashing round.
And when the red cross banner's flying
Proudly across the battle-plain,
Rein up thy steed amidst the dying,
Come to my bounding heart again.

But if the Grecian vow be broken,
And her degenerate children flee,
Break thou this ring, Love's cherished token,
Bring not dishonour back to me;
But wrap my broidered scarf around thee,
Plunge through the hosts with sword and shield,
While thousands, rushing foes, surround thee,
Perish upon the battle-field.

Thus sang the Grecian maid of ancient days,
For Greece was then the home of noble deeds,
Of patriotic sons and daughters fair:
But modern Greece became a tyrant's slave.
A noble bard passed by, he saw the clime,
Once the fair haunt of freedom, then become
A land by despot ruled; he marked the founts,
The glens, the hills, the consecrated sky;
And, loath to think such loveliness should die,

Embalmed her in the breath of poesy,
Scattered bright evergreens upon her breast,
Beneath her fingers fragrant odours prest,
Laid her in state beyond corruption's power,
And gave his life an offering at her shrine.

He was that northern bard, within whose soul
The spring of poesy first seemed to roll
In narrow channels and in scanty rills;
But soon a thousand torrents from the hills
Leapt in the tiny stream, which, now a strong
And mighty river, rolled its waves along;
Still gathering strength in its impetuous course,
Till a rude barrier opposed its force;—
'Twas but a moment, and across the rocks
The waters rushed with wild and furious shocks.
Alas! for that impassioned minstrel's lay,
Whose stormy passions, maddening on their way,
Whirled him to swift destruction's verge.

The Tyro sighed,—
And I with anxious tenderness replied,
"De Clifford, does not this illustrate well,
The dangers which beset the ardent mind?
'Soar not too high,' and take not, above all,

The *poet's* sweeping flights ; for in a car
Fancy does often ride with coursers wild
And masterless as are the winds. To rise
Is easy oftentimes ; but to descend,
More hazardous to one o'er-sensitive
In mind and heart, and of a fragile frame."
He smiled, and told me he was strong and brave,
Then wished me pleasant dreams, and fair. Good-night.

Three moons arose and waned on Grecia's shore ;
A change had come o'er young De Clifford, such
As is the change from chrysalis inert
To soaring butterfly. A new well-spring
Of life seemed poured into his veins—a force—
A hidden power—call it what name you will :
Of genius or inspiration born—
Sprung up, developing each day ; the germ
Of poesy was nourished by the scenes
Of loveliness around ; the seeds of art
Grew like luxuriant tropic flowers beneath
The sunny skies which arched the " Isles of Greece."

He wandered sketching ruined fanes and founts,
And paced alone beside the deep blue sea,

Silent and solitary, but not sad.
The melancholy clouds, which shrouded oft
His boyhood's years, were scattered and dispersed,
As are exhaled the early mists of morn
Before the radiant glories of the sun.

I marked a change, too, in his mind, which grew
More independent in its tone; and like
The steed Bucephalus, which none might tame
But Alexander; so no hand might guide
His soaring fancies but "De Clifford's" own.

At first, I feared that solitude might ill
Accord with such a temperament as his;
But when I told my fears, he thus replied—
"That solitude to him was sweetest balm,
And recreation inexpressible:
For then ten thousand fancies long represt,
And kept like singing-birds in cages wired,
Flew out and soared into the wide expanse,
Or danced as shining motes in sunbeams dance."
Oft as the eagle trains her fledgeling brood,
So did the bard, ideas lofty bear
On fluttering wing, and teach to soar aloft
In upward flight, gazing upon the sun.

And there was method, too, the gentle boy,
(Just bursting from his shell a spirit bright),
Assured me—method in what seemed to me
A purposeless, discursive reverie;
For in his musing, meditative flights,
Through airy regions of the inner world,
When he had wandered many a winding path,
Far, far remote from scenes on which he first
Set out; then would he rein in fancy's steed,
And carefully retrace each step, each path,
Back to the starting-point; and this he deemed
Good for the mind as geometric rule,
Or mathematic problem beautiful.

I told him, smilingly, I would have had
It otherwise. For me, I should incline
To choose a Howard's fame, as far above
A host of Homers. Then I feared, too,
That he, my youthful charge, might grow
Unsympathetic, isolated, cold,
As is the poet's wont *apparently*
At times; but thus De Clifford answered me—
"I have a book of photographs laid up
In memory's cabinet, of treasures rare;

And when I grow forgetful of the past,
Ever I turn the leaves and open, where
One face smiles on me with a mother's love;
And then my eyes o'erflow with swelling tears
Of tenderness." From years of infancy
The Lord De Clifford had been marked by wild
And sudden moods of gladness, followed oft
By pensive thought; but when, five years ago,
His mother died, and *suddenly* the gloom
Had dropped like funeral pall across his breast,
And hitherto, that veil had not been raised.
Then, too, the germs had nourished been, of fell
Consumption, ever dwelling 'mid dark mists
And sighs unwholesome. *Now* the clouds were all
Upraised; his spirit drank the sunshine in,
And bathed itself in founts of joy. He learnt,
Intuitively now, all sciences,
Nor needed precept more. His form, too, grew
Erect; his step, more buoyant and more light;
Even his appetite more fresh and keen,
As though Parnassian steeps were the resort
Of pilgrims after health; and fanned with winds,
Bracing the nerves, and redolent of life.

I did not venture now to check him more,
God gives to each the talent He sees fit.
The poet's gift is surely noble too,
E'en in an age which would the art ignore.
Let each one only seek how *he* may give
A good account of talent lent to him,
Or be it for the world, or for the skies.

Time fleeted on, and then De Clifford wished
To visit Palestine, "the Sacred Land;"
So turn we now to Syria's lovely shores,
Then gaze upon the land which meets our view,
And sits as mourning widow on the strand
Of the Great Sea. De Clifford crossed the deck,
And cried: "Now gaze we on Judea's plains,
Where, blue and bright as once in days gone by,
The pilgrim gazes on the silent sky,
And kneels upon the rocks or grassy sod,
Where once were heard the footsteps of his God:
Ah! surely heavenly spirits still recline
Amid thy mounts and vales, loved Palestine!
Land which the prophet, priest, and saint have trod,
Land of the favoured race, chosen of God;

Like Gideon's fleece, once glistening 'neath the sky,
When all the lands around were parched and dry;
Thou, like that fleece, again art parching found,
Whilst heavenly dews distil on all around.
Yet from thy borders to the utmost seas,
Art thou still haunted with sweet memories;—
Since when on Nebo Israel's leader stood,
To view the honeyed plains, the silver flood,
The city with the waving palm-trees crowned,
The grapes of Eshcol drooping to the ground;
Till when 'Messias' cried, as on He drew,
'Henceforth these things are hidden from thy view.'
Jerusalem! Ah, would that thou hadst known
The secret of thy greatness, e'er 'twas gone
For ever. Near two thousand years have swept
O'er thee since those prophetic tears were wept,
Fair Salem; yet in thought did Clifford gaze
Upon the mystery of those hallowed days,
When empty courts on high did wide resound
With echoing footsteps, and with hollow sound;
If some lone spirit trod her streets, perchance,
When all her angel hosts, deserting thence,
Were pressing round the shores of Palestine.

I left my changeling lord for scant repose,
But little did he rest or day or night,
Till days and weeks had swiftly passed away,
And we had seen the length and breadth of all
The sacred land before us. Once we stood
On Lebanon's famed brow, and saw beneath
Her eyrie old the mountain eagle swoop,
With fluttering wings, across the torrent's bed,
Where Jordan's river from its cradle springs,
And winds along the vale meandering ;
Whilst on its brink, in meditative mood,
The youthful poet thus addressed the flood:—

TO THE RIVER JORDAN.

River of many memories ! sacred stream !
A pilgrim on thy hallowed brink I stand,
To list the murmurs, as thy waters glide,
In measure, from the ancient mountain side.
Where Lebanon's tall cedars erst have fanned
Thy slumbering eyelids in their infant dream.

O mighty river ! cold, and pure, and deep,
Thy waves still float along their sandy bed,

Until in that mysterious sea they fall,
Whose brackish waters, like a funeral pall,
Welter across the "Cities of the Dead,"
Which underneath their leaden cerements sleep.

Methinks I see thee now, as when of old,
The "sun of harvest" shone upon thy brow;
And thy o'erflowing flood had burst its bound,
And watered all the golden plains around;
When Heaven's appointed priest, by covenant blest
Approached thy brink with footsteps calm and bold.

Onwards "the Ark of God" his chosen bore;
Deep waters at their feet; "God spake the word;"
And as they touch the billows, back they flee.
Jordan, thou mighty stream, what ailedst thee?
Why were thy secret depths within thee stirred?
Then motionless, till all the hosts were o'er?

Again, in vision, on thy banks I see
The mighty "Tishbite" with his mantle smite
The parting flood; whilst from thy banks afar
Rush the fleet coursers and the whirlwind car,
To bear him on, in his undying flight,
To the rapt visions of eternity.

Now solitarily, thou seem'st to moan
As when, the fallen mantle in his hand—
The prophet's parting gift—Elisha stood
Upon the brink; or when, within thy flood,
Far from the rivers of Damascus' land,
The Syrian bowed to Israel's God alone.

The eagle oft hath swept across thy bed,
On sounding pinions, to his rocky nest;
But oh, blest Jordan, with far deeper glow,
Once did thy swelling waters brightly flow,
When the meek "Dove" descended on thy breast,
And brooded o'er the gentle Saviour's head.

Thou art a mourning river, Jordan, now;
And through the plains, by Lebanon's dark hill,
Thy waters moan; though, as in days gone by,
Still beams above the same unclouded sky;
And Palestine's fair vales surround thee still,
Whilst trees of Libanus wave o'er thy brow.

Emblem of that dark stream, whose deep abyss
Stands on the brink of Time, and skirts the shore
Of the "Jerusalem which is above."
Thither, at length, our wearied feet must move,

Oh, may we find within that torrent's roar,
The secret springs of *Everlasting Bliss!*

One morn, when wandering forth, De Clifford said—
"Now, let us stand upon an eminence,
And fancy 'tis the utmost pinnacle
Of Salem's temple, ere 'twas razed to dust;
And I will point your gaze to many a site
Renowned in Bible lands." I acquiesced.
It seemed to me, that youthful traveller
Could gather in by *intuition* more
Than others might by studious research.
(It may be thus in higher worlds they learn,
And need not precept, nor slow reasoning more.)

He spake:—"Behold, where the blue mountains swell,
Lebanon, where the waving cedars grow,
And Gilead, 'neath whose feet soft balsams blow;
There Hermon's dewy brow, Gilboa's height,
Bright Carmel's flowery top, and Olivet;
Ebal and Gerizim opposing stand—
The one to bless, and one to curse the land;
And there is Tabor, on whose glorious brow
Envoys from heaven did once descending bow

To claim their Sovereign, when on earth disguised,
He wandered homeless, and by men despised.

"And yon is Calvary's gloomy rock, whose brow
With lurid fires at times was seen to glow,
By the rapt seer, in prophet dreams entranced,
Whilst fiends exulting round its summit danced.

"There shine the brooks and rivers, Jordan's bed,
And Arnon winding like a silver thread;
Here Kishon's sounding waters seek the sea,
There Besor flows along all peacefully.
The gloomy Kedron through yon valley strays,
And Siloam's rippling fountain softly plays
'Midst those green plains, where Salem's dark-eyed maids,
Sit 'neath the starry-crowned pomegranates' shades.

"There are the cities glistening afar:
Samaria, with its ivory palace rare;
The city in the river—Aroer;
Lo! Heshbon's shining ponds, whilst Sharon's vale,
Its rosy blossoms ruffles in the gale.
Upon yon sea does Cesarea stand,
Whose marble palaces adorn the land;

Nearer, the 'City of the Palm Trees' lies,
And Timnath's fields and purple vineyards rise.
And there is 'Little Bethlehem,' whose star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar,
To bring their offerings to an Infant's shrine,
Whose sceptred hand should rule from Palestine
To the far islands of the Western Sea;
Thence to thy furthest bounds—Eternity.

"There Nain stands, where the lone widow's son,
Was called from whence his fleeting steps had run,
Through death's dark gate, far on the spirit track,
Till Christ, the Lord of spirits, called him back.

"And thou, great 'City of the King,' didst stand,
Built on the hills, the queen of all that land;
How hast thou fallen, 'City of the Morn!'
Since from thy brows the diadem was torn;
Now is thy temple levelled to the ground,
Whilst mouldering ruins compass thee around.

"The wild Bedouin Arab sets his tent
Beneath thy barren mountain's grey ascent,
The browsing camels trample in the mire
Thy sacred walls—yon heap of stones *was* Tyre!

The mountain eagles hover o'er the site,
Flap their dark wings, and on its shores alight;
Sitting like spirit of the desert there,
And gazing on the sea with kingly air.

"On Judah's rocks the thistle waves its head,
Within her streets the folded sheep are fed;
And all her pleasant places have become
A prey for robbers of the wilderness—a home
For desolation; on her breast we see
The leprous-spreading plague of prophecy,—
That plague of unbelief. They will not see
That aught of good can come from Galilee.

"Yet is that Jewish stubborn doubt and pride
A greater miracle than all beside,
Holding above their heads the lamp of light,
Groping their way in deepest shades of night.
But were it so, that science had been found,
Or could be, to invalidate the sound
Of that sweet gospel, first by angels sung
To shepherds, keeping watch by night among
The plains of Bethlehem; so much of love,
And hope, and peace, and joy, its votaries prove;
So potent is it to remove the sting

From death; and present victory to bring
To those who, from the borders of the grave,
Look up to Him who has the power to save;
So sweet to feel that Love Divine did make
His Son an offering for His creatures' sake;
That they who wandered once in Egypt's night,
On whom the morning star has risen in light,
Would not, or *could not*, cast that faith away,
Which is itself a *present Deity*.

"Rather they would the sun should lose his way,
And sink in Eastern skies, or set mid-day;
That ocean's mighty waves should wildly flow
Onward without an ebb; that aught below
Of dread commotion and uproar should rise,
Mountains be hurled like whirlwinds through the skies;
Than that one shade of doubt should intervene,
To dim the light of Bethlehem's star serene;
Than one 'hewn pillar' of that house should fall,
Founded by 'Wisdom's Word,' the 'Lord of All.'"

One morn De Clifford rose with throbbing heart
And feverish frame. He told me when we met
That he had dreamed, and though the dream was fair,
It made him feel afraid. He saw a stream,

Like Jordan's river seemed it, and above
Were rainbows in the skies, arch within arch;
Sailing along, spanning the river's breast,
Arches were floating; and reflected in
The shimmering tide were shadowy arches there
Inverted, ever lovely in their form,
Some of the lunar rainbow's tints, and some
Of spotless white, and glistening like the snow.

"I saw a seraph near me then, with wings
Of violet and gold, as covered o'er
With living heart's-ease bloom they seemed to glance
With radiance, as she looked on me and smiled,
Singing 'The river's beautiful, my child;'
Then wafting nearer, whispered softly 'Come,'
'Return, my son, they watch for thee at home.'"

I talked, most wisely, of youth's fallacies,
And the "philosophy of dreams," but could
Not easily th' impression made erase,
Which this night vision left behind. He thought
That tidings soon would come from Silverdell,
And he was right. Often the post had brought
The welcome letter, saying "All was well;"

With errand of small import, save to those
Who were enlinked by the same chain in one
And the same common bond of sympathy;
That link no human hand can disentwine,
Nor distance overleap—the kindred tie.
Sometimes the Earl wrote to his absent son,
And questioned of his health, and progress made
In scientific lore; then told events
Which had befallen in the village round.
The poor blind boy, alas! he had been drowned.
One morn he went on his accustomed search,
To gather water-cresses from the brook,
But missed his footing on the rustic bridge.
Next day a hat and floating stick were found,
And then they dragged the pool beyond, and saw
The body at short distance. On that day
Much was the streamlet swoll'n by mountain rains.
Beneath a shady yew, in sunny spot,
With care the corpse of the unhappy youth
Was then interred by the good Earl's command.
Then Arundel would write, and say, how much
He wished to see his brother home again;
How he had fed the birds and nursed the flowers
Which Ernest loved; how one had given him

A gay macaw, which should De Clifford's be.
Such was a sample of the details sent—
Trifling, yet valued for *affection's* sake.
But now a telegram, on lightning wings,
Bore fearful tidings, terrible and dire,
The Earl was killed—thrown from his horse—he fell,
And never spake again. Deplorable
De Clifford's loss, and would it had been spoken
In gentler form and phrase—less suddenly
The arrowy shaft been shot; he was not one
To bear the *sudden* blast or jarring *shock*.
I knew him gentle, over-sensitive,
And now I saw the blood forsake his cheeks,
But bubble over on his lips the stain—
The bright red torrent from his life-blood drained.
Ah! sorrows come not from the dust, nor spring
They up *alone*. With consternation dread
I watched beside the young unconscious form,
Fearing at times the spark of life was sped
For ever, but it kindled once again;
And then we turned our footsteps homewards, towards
The chalky cliffs, our foreign wanderings o'er.
Seldom De Clifford spake, and gave no heed
To sounds or sights around; but creeping on,

Slowly and sadly, with small efforts spent,
At length we trod on English soil again ;
Passed through the capital, where some gay scene
Had lately been enacted ; merry bells
Rung out their gladsome sounds. We hurried thence,
For the young mourner felt that mirth to him
Seemed madness, when the heart was full of woe.
At length we reached the well-remembered scenes,
The village, and the park which lay beyond ;
His native breezes fanned his cheek again,
And half unconsciously De Clifford smiled.
Is there not something in that spirit draught
Of native air, restorative beyond
The power of art? As a fresh bubbling spring
Upon the sea-beach, covered oft with waves,
When ebbs the tide, the fount, still fresh and sweet,
Throws up its sparkling waters clear and bright ;
So is youth's native air—a freshet sweet ;
Nor all the salt sea-tides of coming years,
Can wash its sweetness out, nor drown its spring.

There was *no change* in those familiar scenes
Which met our eyes ; but sorrowful the change
In that loved youth, the heir of all that land.

Retainers came around with anxious gaze,
"Surely," said one, "he only has come home
To die." One evening, we placed his couch
Beside a window looking to the west,
Whence could be seen the park, the shrubberies,
Lit up with crimson by the setting sun;
He seemed to slumber, and his brother bent
Above, with tearful eyes; when suddenly
De Clifford spoke: "Brother, give me your hand,
And kiss me ere I go. My mother said
They watched and waited for my coming home,
And now I see her beckon me away.
And, Arundel, you soon will be an '*Earl*;'
But I shall be a '*King*,' through faith in 'Him
Who washed us from our sins in His own blood,
And makes us kings and priests before the throne.'"
His spirit passed from earth with sunset's parting
Ray; and still do friends with sorrow tell
How Arundel became an Earl, and heir
Of Silverdell; how Ernest, Lord De Clifford
Died, and *thus became a King.*

*THE REFORMATION STAR.**

DARK clouds once brooded o'er our land,
And ignorance foul vapours shed;
The people, ruled by priestly hand,
In pastures rank and poisonous fed.

The night rolled on, the long dark night,
'Neath superstition's barbarous sway,
With many a martyr fire to light
The soul-destroyer on his way.

Those clouds of smoke like incense rise,
And wreathe in martyrs' crowns afar;
Blood hath a voice to pierce the skies;
And suddenly uprose a "star."

* This and the following Hymn were sung at a Meeting of the Protestant Association.

It brightly shone—still shines afar,
To lead our land from idols given ;—
The bright, the Reformation Star,
Which points to Christ, and leads to heaven.

We will not turn our steps aside,
To stumbling-blocks of Romish might ;
The "Word of God" shall be our guide,
The "Reformation Star" our light.

PROTESTANT AND FREE.

BRITANNIA ! Guardian of the Truth,
And island of the brave and free,
'Tis thine to send the Gospel forth,
To earth's remotest land and sea.
Once Popery dwelt in many a shrine,
Where weeds and ivy now entwine ;
But, Romish heresy foresworn,
We would not have the foe return.

No! England's cliffs spurn back the sea,
And English hearts the foot of Rome,
Which seeks to trample on the free,
And leave its blight on hearth and home.
The simple truth of God we prize,
We give no heed to priestly lies;
The truth of God has made us free,
We will not have Rome's heresy.

O Lord! we pray thee, guard our isle
From superstition's slavish bands,
Lest we should see the martyr's pile
Again lit up by Popish hands.
Lest traitors from within the gate
Thine heritage make desolate,
"Lord of the Islands and the Sea,"
Still keep us Protestant and Free.

BABYLON.

A KING walked through his palace halls,
And proudly gazed around;
He viewed his city's lofty walls,
With hanging gardens crowned.
"And is not this great Babylon?"
In swelling pomp he cried,
"Which I have builded for my own,
To spread my glories wide?"

It was a city fair and bright
As Lucifer's clear star;
A golden city steeped in light,
And dazzling from afar.

The glory of Chaldea's host,
The rocky mount whereon
They placed their monstrous idol boast,
Great Bel of Babylon.

There, on Euphrates' verdant mound,
Where once, before the flood,
The bowers of Paradise were found—
The Tree of Knowledge stood;
There did they human victims bind,
And sacrifice to Bel;
There with foul sorceries unbind
The upper fiends of hell.

A voice from the eternal Throne,
Was heard by Judah's seers,
Concerning beauteous Babylon,
Filled with oppression's tears.
"When seventy years are numbered up,
Of pride and scoffing mirth,
Then will I dash that golden cup
Of sorcery to the earth.

"Sit in the dust, there's no more throne,
Fair daughter of Chaldee;

Childless and widowed, sit alone,
This burden hangs o'er thee.
Appointed by th' 'Almighty Hand,'
The sword, the flame, the bow,
Shall work destruction through the land,
And lay thy children low.

"Bright banners on the mountains wave,
And, lo! they come from far,
A people cruel, fierce, and brave,
Set in array for war.
They compass Babylon's broad wall,
They burn her gates with fire,
Her mighty men around her fall,
Forbear to fight—expire.

"Bel shall bow down, the golden god,
That swallowed hidden spoil;
Merodach in the dust be trod
'Mid battle's fierce turmoil.
And thou, destroying mount, mine hand,
Shall hurl thee from thy steep;
As a burnt rock, amid the land,
Thy treasure will I heap.

"A sword is o'er Chaldea's head,
Her wise men shall not see;
A drought is on Euphrates' bed,
And snarèd in the sea.
As fishes in an evil net,
So shall her children lie;
Her city gates shall not be shut;
Her river shall be dry.

"At night, when song and revelry
In Babel's halls are heard,
Suddenly shall be heard the cry—
Hell from beneath is stirred.
One post shall run to meet his mate,
Chariot and horse shall run,
But ere they reach the palace gate,
The city shall be won.

"The nobles sleep—ignoble sleep—
But never wake again;
The city shall become a heap,
A burnt and blasted plain;
The sea shall come o'er Babylon,
The waves around shall swell;

And where the golden temple shone,
Dragons and owls shall dwell."

Thus did the Jewish prophet cry,
Then by Euphrates' side;
He closed the roll of prophecy,
And plunged it in the tide.
"And thus," he said, "Chaldea's throne,
Shall sink, no more to rise;
And ever thus, Almighty One,
Perish thine enemies."

Years rolled o'er Babylon's proud might,
But still in splendours crowned;
O'er her broad walls spur horsemen light,
And chariots wheel around.
Her priests and nobles walk in pride,
Her wise magicians boast;
Whilst muster on the mountain's side,
The Lord's appointed host.

Ten times seven years have rolled away,
When, lo! a rumour's heard—
There comes a host in bright array,
By Medea's princes stirred.

They compass Babel's lofty wall,
  They bend the battle bow;
The mighty captains sink and fall
  Powerless beneath their foe.

Darius there—a mighty one—
  Is near them with his aid;
And, lo! for lofty Babylon,
  A cunning snare is laid.
They turn Euphrates' flowing course,
  The river's bed is dried,
Then, marshalled in embattled force,
  Flows on the warriors' tide.

On through the open gate they ride,
  In silence and in might;
What mean yon flames outbursting wide?
  Those cries of wild affright?
Ah! 'tis the enemy within,
  On rushing like a flood,
With horrid shouts of battle din,
  'Midst fire, and sword, and blood.

Within the gorgeous palace high,
  The King Belshazzar feasts;

There doth he hold in revelry,
A thousand noble guests.
Bright lamps are gleaming from the domes,
Sweet perfumes kiss the air;
And graceful forms glide round the rooms,
Or sit in beauty there.

They praise their god, they pour the wine,
The golden cups profane,
Which once were used for rites divine,
In Great Jehovah's fane.
When suddenly, where burns the light
With brightest, clearest ray,
They gaze with horror on a sight
Which chills with cold dismay.

"A hand" moves o'er the blazoned wall,
With slow and steady aim,
And traces on the kingly hall,
Letters of lambent flame.
The king starts up, with horror stung,
The nobles cower around;
The goblet's wine is madly flung
Like poison to the ground.

A Jewish captive youth is brought
To read the mystic word;
An awful silence fills the court,
Whilst these dread sounds are heard:
"Belshazzar! God, who kingdoms made,
Hath numbered thine and thee,
Thou in the balances art weighed,
And 'wanting' found to be.

"Thy kingdom shall divided fall,
To Medes and Persians given;
Thus read I, King, on yon scarred wall,
With lightning strokes from heaven."
Hark! hark! for now the tumult nears,
The battle troops draw nigh,
Amid the festal flowers appears
Bright armour clashing by.

In that same night the king is slain,
With all his thousand guests,
They sleep, who never wake again
To revelry and feasts.
The Medes and Persians take the land,
They burn the palace gate;

And this the scourge from God's right hand,
Which maketh desolate.

Long generations since have fled
From time t' eternity;
Cities have risen, flourished, sped,
And empires passed away;
But yet the pilgrim from far shores,
May musing wander on,
And say, Where yon black water roars,
Once stood proud Babylon.

There, where the rock of Babel blazed,
Remains a calcined mass;
And Arab robbers, half afraid
Within its shade to pass,
Yet pause awhile upon their track,
To search the stones with toil,
For what gold Bel hath given back—
Treasure and hidden spoil.

But never Arab robbers stay
To pitch their tents thereon;
Nor ever take they stone away
From cursèd Babylon.

There only beasts and dragons dwell,
The owl whoops to her mate ;
And, like the blasted plains of hell,
The land is desolate.

The seal of prophecy is laid
On every rock and stone ;
There hovers a mysterious shade
O'er ruined Babylon.
Search ye and see—the Book unroll—
Not aught has failed to come
Of "Jeremiah's" written scroll,
Or rapt "Isaiah's" doom.

REBECCA TO LADY ROWENA.

(FROM "IVANHOE.")

So statue like
She stood, shrouded beneath her silken veil
Of gossamer, which shaded, not concealed,
Her youthful beauty, that the Lady might
Have deemed her visitant was not of earth,
But from some brighter sphere ; until she raised
Her veil, and gazing on the Lady there,
The Jewish maiden knelt and kissed the hem
Of fair Rowena's robe,—then stood erect.
Upon her face, of Eastern loveliness,
The sun had stamped his signet, and now cast
A sudden splendour through the quiet room,

As if to waken in the maiden's breast
The memory of that brightly glowing clime
Which cradled her young infancy. A chain
Of orient diamonds, of priceless worth,
She held, which caught his rays, and flashed them back
With dazzling brilliancy, and thousand hues;
But brighter still than shone those matchless gems,
Glanced her dark eyes, as raising their fringed lids,
She cast them on the Lady seated there;
Then placed the costly offering in her hand,
And with a low, sweet voice, Rebecca spoke:—

"Lady! within my father's halls
Are jewels far more rare,
Than shine within thy Saxon walls,
Or Christian princes wear;
But there are gems of worth more dear
Than glittering stones and clay—
Virtue's pure light, soft pity's tear,
And honour's spotless ray.
These do I owe to thee or thine,
The lesser offering only mine;
Then, for the Jewish maiden's sake,
Deign, Lady, this poor gift to take.

"Before the moon her circle runs,
I leave the warlike west;
Here is no home for Judah's sons,
For Israel's foot no rest.
Yet though by Gentile race opprest,
One debt of thanks I owe,
Deign then to bear the poor bequest
I leave him ere I go.
The Jewish maiden's latest prayer,
To that pure heaven she hopes to share,
'That richest blessings may attend
The Christian knight, the stranger's friend.

"I thank thee for the kindness past,
Yet here I must not stay,
For think not, Lady, I can cast
My father's faith away.
Its temple crumbles in decay,
Its glories all have gone,
Shadows in deep and thick array
Encompass David's throne.
Yet shall those clouds be rolled aside,
The hidden beams shoot far and wide,
When Judah's offspring once again,
O'er Judah's long-lost sceptre reign.

"Farewell! in peaceful shades I go
To pass my life away,
Yet long the face thou deign'st to show
Will haunt me on my way.
'Tis Beauty's throne; and if a touch
Of pride should mingle there,
How shall we blame earth's fabric much,
A stain of earth to bear."

She passed away as music's tone
Dies on the listening ear,
Or love's bright form scarce seen ere flown
Back to its native sphere.

LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING AN ANCIENT RUIN.

I TROD yon castle's bound long years ago,
I climbed the hill, and viewed the scene below;
The same green plains beneath my feet now spread,
The same blue sky o'ercanopies my head;
All is unchanged, as when I saw it last,
But, ah! a change has o'er my spirit passed.

Then life was new; *then* youth was in its spring;
Then fancy bore me on her starry wing;
Then memory pressed not with such heavy chain,
Nor yet had learnt to turn the past to pain;
Then had the grave no shadow round me thrown,
Sweet childhood's home and hopes were then my own.

Now have I found the flowers which round me bloom,
Are scattered over many a hidden tomb;
Now have I learnt the poet's raptured thought,
With keener pang too exquisitely fraught;
Now have I felt, amid life's fading plain,
The path of man is weariness and pain.

But as I gaze, behold! above, around,
A glorious rainbow spans the ruin's bound,
Like a commissioned angel from above,
It seems to bend with radiant smile of love;
And as the brightening colours round me vie,
Hope waves her wings, and soars a glad reply.

Sweet bow of promise! whilst I see thy ray,
Grief and despondency all fade away;
Bow of the covenant, I list thy voice,
Its echo in my soul repeats—Rejoice!
"Man and his works—temples and towers decay;
God's promises shall never fade away."

INDIA.

(WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.)

INDIA! we had our dreams of thee,
As of some gorgeous land,
Where spicy breezes swept the sea,
And fanned the golden strand.
We heard thy stately rustling palms,
Marked thy blue Ganges swell,
Mingled with Heber's choral psalms—
We loved their music well.

Now, name of horror and of dread,
The brand upon thy brow;
We ask but of our murdered dead,
And loathe thy beauty now.

England's lost sons, the true, the good,
The loyal and the brave,
With infancy and womanhood,
In one dishonour'd grave.

Foul charnel-house! not all thy gems
Worth one true, manly heart;
Nor Eastern monarch's diadems,
Could purchase one least part
Of woman's love, steadfast and pure—
Of childhood's smiling trust—
Of martyr'd faith—devotion sure—
All trampled in thy dust.

India! no spicy gale that blows,
Can scent thy blood-stained plains;
No river from thy mountain flows,
To wash away thy stains.
Land of the tiger's crouching brood,
Where slimy serpents twine,
What voice re-echoes o'er the flood?
England! the shame be thine.

Ithuriel's spear was in thine hand,
The monster 'neath thee lay,

Thou didst forbear to stretch thy wand,
And wake him up to day.
'Twas thine own breast which nursed the snake,
And warmed his frozen fang,
Until at length uncoiled—awake,
He shot the deadly pang.

'Twas ever thus in thine own land,
Ere learnt the Christian lore,
Witness the Druid's wicker pile,
Witness ye oak trees hoar!
Cruelty, murder, orphan's tears,
Lit up the idol fires;
And Saxon soldiers tossed on spears
The babes of British sires.

Not savage men, nor barb'rous hosts,
Have laid the mighty low,
But, must'ring on the heathen coasts,
Dread demons from below.
Fiends of the pit, the brood of hell,
Destruction their delights,
Wresting from superstition fell
Their fierce and bloody rites.

England! thou hadst the name of power,
  Those spirits to enchain,
Thou hadst the gospel light and dower
  To speed across the main!
False to thy faith, thou didst lay down
  The weapons of thy land,
To clasp with false idolatry
  A gold-encircling hand.

O man! what wondrous myst'ries dwell
  Within that soul of thine;
An instrument for fiends of hell,
  The care of love divine.
If truth prevail, what wondrous height
  Of glory may'st thou know;
If falsehood rule, what awful night,
  What fearful depth of woe.

Queen of the Isles! stretch forth thine hand
  To India's coral shore,
Thine be the sceptre to command—
  Stifle the lion's roar.
Let Britain's gospel, Christian laws,
  Break the stronghold of lies;

Avenge insulted England's cause,
Her slaughtered children's cries.

Write thou His name, "the King of Kings,"
Upon thy banners bright,
Who comes with healing in His wings,
To give the nations light.
Till the day breaks, and shadows flee
O'er minaret and dome,
And one deep prayer swells o'er the sea,
"Lord, let Thy Kingdom come."

HYMNS

GRACIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Earthly Zion of our love—
In thy courts we see the token
Of the higher Courts above.
Christ Himself "the sure Foundation,"
All His people built thereon;
Founded thus, a holy nation,
"Kings and Priests" before the Throne.

Needs not cedar walls around us,
Sacrifices day by day;
Needs not emblems to surround us,
Shadowing forth a brighter day.

Lo! 'tis over, all is finished,
Every altar swept aside,
Rent the Tabernacle cover,
Christ, our Paschal Lamb, has died.

Lo! He rises—brings salvation,
Life, and healing in His hands;
Church of the regeneration
Purifies from priestly bands.
Captive Zion hears the story,
Shakes her *ritual dust* aside,
Wakens crowned with light and glory,
Precious, pure, Emanuel's Bride.

TUNE—"Jerusalem the golden."

JERUSALEM the holy,
The Church of the First-born,
Where shining angels gather,
More radiant than the morn.
We see no temple in thee;
No crucifix is found;
No censers swing their odours;
No convent bells resound.

Jerusalem, the city
  Where all the Faithful meet,
And cast their crowns of glory
  Before the Saviour's feet;
No Dagon dwells within thee
  No Mammon treasures rust,
The idols all are scattered
  And trampled into dust.

Jerusalem the peaceful,
  Sweet land of heavenly calm,
No battle-cry disturbs thee,
  No raging foes alarm;
No war ships, winged with lightnings,
  Float o'er thy glassy sea;
No crimson stains thy palm trees,
  Which wave eternally.

Jerusalem the free-born,
  "The mother of us all,"
Before whose crystal portals
  The chains of bondage fall.
Each fetter bursts asunder.
  Each spirit is set free

From Satan's deepest dungeon
Of sin's captivity.

Jerusalem the peerless,
Where reigns the King in state,
One nation dwells within thee,
One pearl each separate gate;
One way—one song—one language—
One faith—one hope—one love;
Oh! may each wanderer enter
Jerusalem above.

TO THE HAREBELL.

THEY err who call thee type of sorrow,
Harebell wild and fair and free ;
Fitter 'twere from thee to borrow,
Emblems of glad liberty :
Waving near the rustic fountain,
Nodding on the mossy plain,
Climbing boldly up the mountain,
What hast thou to do with *pain ?*

Deem the flower that sadly closes
When the sun withdraws his light ;
Deem the pale and maiden roses
Emblems of despair and blight :

But not thee, thou fearless ranger
Up the steep and rugged wild,
Smiling at neglect and danger,
Hardy as the mountain child.

In mine ears thy bells are ringing
With a merry, tinkling chime,
To that melody are clinging
Thoughts and hopes of childhood's prime.
O'er the heath again I wander,
Where the harebells waved of yore;
Once again in fancy ponder,
Near the windmill on the moor.

Sweetly still the golden blossom
Of the gorse perfumes the air;
Still on ocean's distant bosom,
One small island glistens there.
Ah, that island! surely never
Painter pictured aught so fair—
Matchless forms of beauty ever
In my dreams expanded there.

'Twas my emblem of the morrow—
Of that bright and glowing day,

When each shade of doubt and sorrow
Should with childhood pass away.
And each white sail that near it glided,
Seemed as it wafted me to rest;
And each rough wave that yet divided,
Chilled as 'twere breaking o'er my breast.

Swiftly has the vision faded—
Ocean's isle, youth's paradise;
Swiftly noon-day mists have clouded
All my azure morning skies.
But beside my pathway swinging,
Thou, my field-flower, still I see;
And thy tiny bells are ringing
Strains endeared to memory.

They err who call thee type of sorrow,
Harebell wild and fair and free;
Rather from thy grace we borrow
Emblems of glad liberty—
Flower of forest, field, and dingle,
Rocked by winds on commons wild,
Springing up 'mid rock and shingle,
Like the free-born mountain child.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG SISTER.

WHERE art thou gone, dear sister,
With that sweet smile of light,
Could death's cold flood extinguish
A ray so heavenly bright?
No; in the land that 's far away,
Clothed in thy robes of white,
Thou 'rt smiling now in victory
At thy triumphant flight.

We miss thee here, dear sister,
From thine accustomed place;
We hear no more thy gentle voice,
We see not thy sweet face.

There is a star gone from our sky,
A shadow in our path,
And rises oft the murmured sigh
Beside the lonely hearth.

Thou hast faded first, dear sister,
Like all most sweet and fair,
To teach us that the hues of heaven
Earth hath not long to wear:
And as the early snowdrops,
By March winds torn away,
So didst thou bend thy drooping head,
And perish, frail as they.

Perish! ah, no! recall the word;
The flower may droop and die,
The smiling lips be mute in death,
And sealed the beaming eye;
But the freed spirit in its flight,
Shall soar on untired wings,
Until it reach the fount of light,
Whence life and being springs.

Thou art a lamb, now safely penned
In the Good Shepherd's fold;

Thy path is by the still pure streams
  Which float o'er sands of gold.
Thy wearied feet at length have trod
  The mounts of heavenly bliss;
Nor would we call thee from thy God,
  To earth's bleak wilderness.

Sweet sister, no; we mourn no more
  For thee, the early dead;
The goal is won, the race is o'er,
  Life's pilgrimage is sped.
Attained the home of heavenly rest,
  Life's dangerous pathway trod,
The early chosen, early blest,
  Is resting now in God.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MISSIONARY.

GO ! be thy course free as the winds
Which waft thy full sails hence,
Like them, on swift-winged mission sent,
Healing and balm dispense.
Go where the prince of air has power
His poisonous mists to spread,
Disperse the vapours foul which lower,
And purer blessings shed.

Go ! be thy voice strong as the waves
Which beat the rock-girt strands,
Waft thou to barbarous nations hence
The gems of Christian lands.

Go! bear the pearl of greatest price,
All golden store above,
Dearer than rubies of the mine—
The pearl of Gospel Love.

Go! be thy pathway like the star
In yonder radiant sky,
The first at evening to appear,
The last at dawn to die.
Like *hers* thy light, distinct and pure,
To dying day be given;
Like *his* a beacon, fixed and sure,
Pointing to morn and heaven.

FRIENDSHIP.

(ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.)

MARY, to Friendship's shrine I bring
A perishable offering,
For Friendship in earth's wilderness
Is a frail bud of loveliness.
A breath will shake its beauty's crown;
A butterfly will sweep its down;
And soon its leaves of fragile bloom,
Like roses scattered on a tomb,
Their bright, brief life of blossom o'er,
Will perish and be seen no more.
But there 's a flower which never pales
A spring there is which never fails;

There is a bright and kindling flame,
Which many waters cannot tame;
There is a star which never sets,
One faithful Friend who ne'er forgets,
Beyond the seas, beyond the sky,
Dwelling in immortality.
Bring earth's frail offerings to His shrine—
This Friend, dear girl, be mine, be thine.

THE PASTOR'S WORK AND REWARD.

(WRITTEN ON THE COMMEMORATION OF A FIFTY YEARS' PASTORATE.)

HERE a brief sojourn, days and months and years
Of toil and labour, sowing seed in tears;
Weeding in lands where tares spring up by night,
And choke the scanty grain with blast and blight;
Surely an enemy is smiting *here.*

There a long day of summer's fairest light,
A bounteous harvest gathered rich and bright;
The same brown fields that lay on earth so bare,
Laden with golden first-fruits gathered *there;*
Surely an angel hand hath bound these sheaves.

Here a long waiting at the Master's gate,
Hoping, yet fearing it may be too late,
Seeking for entrance not for self alone,
"But for my brethren these, my flesh and bone;"
Ah! we have waited long—He opens not.

There a quick welcome from the Prince's voice,
My faithful servant has returned—rejoice;
Enter, behold around the palace door
Those for whom thou hast waited—gone before;
They have been waiting, watching, now for thee.

Behold! He cries, the seeds of life upgrown,
The precious gold refined, once ored in stone;
Here, where the wondrous lines do all converge,
Redemption's hues of grace in glory merge;
Where stars of righteousness for ever shine,
"Faithful to death," the crown of life be thine.

THE END.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON